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CHRONICLE.

The Vice-royalty of India.

IT was announced on Thursday morning that Sir HENRY NORMAN, on second considerations of his age and strength, had recalled his acceptance of the Viceroyalty. For reasons set forth in our article on the original appointment, we are unable to regret this; but we offer our sincere condolences to the Government. To find a Gladstonian of the required combination of position and brains who is not indispensable at home, Mr. GLADSTONE will have to put the South Foreland light in a lantern and go about in a brighter and longer day than September usually supplies.

In Parliament. On Friday week, after a question-time dealing with cholera, the Featherstone riots, St. Katharine's Hospital (an endowment at which Radical greed has been disappointedly scratching and whining for a generation or two), and the Bechuana Land railway subsidy (at which, as it promises good to the Empire, Radical jealousy is growling), Supply was once more attacked, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT sketching the beginning of the end in an unlimited sitting this day week. The votes discussed were chiefly, but not wholly, Irish, and the principal incident was a remark of Mr. SEXTON's on the "magical" character of the present CHIEF SECRETARY'S administration as exhibited in the reception of the Constabulary Vote. Considering all things, it may be left to posterity to decide whether this was an escapade of "Irish humour" or of "Irish impudence," both things famous of old, though one of them is a good deal failed.

The sitting of Saturday did not justify the dark imaginings of those who prophesied unlimited, or at least prolonged, duration for it. It was very little longer than an ordinary Wednesday, and the usual miscellaneous grumbling and inquisitiveness nowhere kindled into anything stronger. The Liberationists made one of their characteristic complaints of the grant of a subsidy to King's College, London, a "denominational" college. There happens to be nothing to prevent any Jew, Turk, heretic, or infidel from getting the full value of the instruction given at this seminary without rubbing the faintest bloom off his Jewish, Turkish, heretical, or infidel conscience; but this, of course, matters nothing to the Carvellite-Williamsian mind. What it wants is not freedom of conscience, but

a penalty on consciences which take their freedom in a way it does not like.

Monday's sitting, which finished Supply and saw the usual Expiring Laws Continuance Bill passed, was a little more important in its subjects and a little livelier in its details, while it was not finished till two o'clock in the morning. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had the courage to tell Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON, first, that he didn't know anything about certain travelling arrangements of the Duke of FIFE; and, secondly, that he was not going to find out about them; while Mr. ASQUITH more amicably snubbed Mr. HERBERT PAUL's inquisitiveness about Mr. HURLBERT. If Mr. HURLBERT's enemies are right, he must be a very disreputable person in his private relations, but those relations are of infinitesimal importance to the public. So that it really would seem that his fault in the eyes of Mr. PAUL and others must be, not telling stories about Miss EVELYN and Mr. MURRAY, but telling the truth about Ireland, which is not yet an indictable offence, though it doubtless will be when Home Rule is passed. The real importance of the night concerned chiefly African subjects, especially Uganda and Mashonaland, and fuller comments than are possible here upon Sir EDWARD GREY's answers will be found in another place.

The House of Lords met on Tuesday to pass or further divers measures sent up to it, and then adjourned till Friday for more.

In the Commons, on Report of Supply.

Mr. PAUL once more brought forward the Mashonaland question and the conduct of Captain LENDY in bombarding a kraal, as to which we may refer readers as before. Mr. BRODRICK was perfectly right, and Sir U. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH utterly wrong, the former in protesting against, and the latter in defending, the purchase by the Admiralty of shells from a French firm. That sturdy JOHN BULL, Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, amused himself by applying the term "foreigner" to a poor person who has, indeed, the misfortune to be a German Prince by birth, but who did his best to purge that guilt by becoming an English subject exactly a quarter of a century ago. But *nullum tempus occurrit Alpheo*. The Post Office, as usual, engaged a good deal of attention; but the Appropriation Bill was brought in at last.

On Wednesday Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, as had been announced, brought up the subject of the Featherstone riots, and Mr. ASQUITH declared his intention of holding a special inquiry, on the ground of the discrepancy in the coroners' jury verdicts. This decision has been greeted with perhaps unnecessary applause, and seems to us rather to partake of Mr. ASQUITH's usual attempts to serve God and Mammon; but it may do no harm. The HOME SECRETARY spoke pretty plainly of the fire-brand M.P.s—Mr. PICKARD, Mr. WOODS, and Mr. KEIR HARDIE—who had more discretion than to be present, and Mr. BURNS, "Labour's" only spokesman, was, for him, pretty moderate, having perhaps the noise of Belfast and the shouting, when he himself fled before the people, in his ears. But when Mr. BURNS suggests elected magistrates as the panacea, one thinks with a pleased pensiveness of Mr. WOODS, M.P., for instance, in that capacity when the Riot Act wants reading. In the desultory discussion which followed, Sir RICHARD TEMPLE rapped Mr. PAUL's knuckles for the way in which he had spoken of Captain LENDY the day before, and Mr. PAUL said he didn't care, and would do it again. The Appropriation Bill was read a second time, and the Indian Budget having come on, the debate was adjourned.

The debate was resumed on Thursday by Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, spoke sensibly. He was followed by Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, whose speech is equally unnecessary to characterize. We need only say that, if Sir WILLIAM's picture of the service he adorned so long is exact, the patience and patriotism which alone can have induced him to serve out his time in it must excite the highest admiration. NAAMAN in the House of RIMMON is a joke to Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN in the Indian Civil Service. Besides, NAAMAN paid some talents in that matter, while Sir WILLIAM, we should rather imagine, received them, which must have made his sufferings acuter. After other talk on the subject, Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL made the usual formal exposition of the Indian Budget, which he did very prettily, finishing with an admirable peroration about "blending faiths and "races in a harmonious whole," and "raising the "Indian people in the scale of nations." Ah! those Coqciignes, and the wonders they will see when they come! It had previously been agreed that the House should, at its rising yesterday, adjourn to the 2nd of November. And so an end for the time at least.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Brazilian news, this day week, was still vague and untrustworthy, and the chief other item of importance was the interest which Germany was beginning to take in the French attack on the Royal Niger Company.

Large space was occupied in the foreign news of the end of last week and the beginning of this by the excitement in France at the approaching advent of a great large Russian fleet, with real live sailors, and guns that will go off. To do the French justice, that sense of the ridiculous which has never been their strongest point, and which they sometimes lately have seemed to lose altogether, has manifested itself here and there among them on this occasion; while sensible Russians also do not seem entirely to relish these raptures of the French counterpart of the lady in *Peter Simple* over her "defendours and preservours." It was still impossible to make out what was really going on in Brazil, though the application of what might be called, in Fichtean language, a Critique of All Possible Untrustworthiness perhaps pointed to the theory that the insurgents were gaining ground. At any rate, Admiral DE MELLO was said to be shooting disaffected Deputies on the quarter-deck of the *Aquidaban*—a proceeding which generally encourages the others, and shows confidence in the shooter, when he and

they are South American. There were great military manoeuvres in Hungary, and much coal-striking in France and Belgium. News from Mashonaland was more and more threatening. Sir MORTIMER DURAND was on the point of passing from English to Afghan soil and escort on his way to Cabul.

On Wednesday it was reported that the Afghan Mission had actually joined camps with that of the force sent by the AMEER to escort it. It appeared more distinctly, but still not quite beyond dispute, that the Brazilian revolutionists were getting the upper hand. In India, the organ of the orthodox and respectable Hindoos had (with singular want of consideration for the feelings of Mr. HERBERT PAUL) opposed the plan of examinations in India; saying rudely that "real sahibs," and not sham ones, were wanted. The Paris ragings against the Royal Niger Company continued.

On Thursday morning things were going on well with the Afghan Mission. The Brisbane Assembly had rejected the proposal to split Queensland; Mashonaland was still threatening and Brazil still opaque; the United States Senate was still discussing silver, and the *Débats* was still at the heels of Lord ABERDARE.

The news of yesterday contained details about the alleged conspiracy in Madagascar concerning a gentleman known by the name of "RAJOELINA THIRTEEN "HONOURS," who must be a formidable rival to our Mr. MOULTON; an account of the presentation of new colours to the Dutch army by its little QUEEN; anticipations that the days of the Presidentship (to say no more) of Senhor PEIXOTO in Brazil are numbered, and that Freedom may have to shriek over the restoration of the Monarchy; fresh troubles in Argentina, and some details about the murder of EMIN Pasha.

Clai-ret. As some interest seems to be felt in this matter, we may add a few words on it, though it is rather out of the line of this Chronicle. We have received a communication from "G. A. S.," in which he obligingly sends us an extract from a Paris Guide-book of 1803, containing, among other entries of red wines, those of "Bordeaux-Médoc" and "Bordeaux-claret." But this, though interesting, can prove nothing, because it is addressed to English readers, and shows only that "claret," not *clai-ret*, was classed under red wines. Nor does "G. A. S.'s" reference to the well-known "*clairette* de Die," a purely local and special wine of which we were not thinking, help us much, though what help it does give is on our side; for *clairette* is only the feminine of *clai-ret*, and nothing else in the world. It is quite true, no doubt, that Bordeaux is of a rather paler red than Burgundy; but this, again, does not settle the question. However, as both our correspondent and others seem to have somewhat misunderstood us, let us sum up the matter as clearly as may be. Nobody can doubt that the word "claret" is the same as *clai-ret*, of which in the oldest French *claret* itself, without the *i*, is a common, if not the commonest, form. The whole question of interest is how this word came to be applied by our forefathers to a liquor to which the term *clai-ret* never seems to have been applied by the French themselves. For we have long ago examined every cited passage, and some not cited, for *clai-ret* from the thirteenth century downwards, and have never found one in which it indisputably means a full red liquor; while those most apposite (the MONTAIGNE and DESCARTES citations) quite evidently designate one faintly coloured, as *clai-ret* also does in reference to precious stones and other things. If our own opinion is worth anything, it is that the oldest use of all, that of "mixed" wine, is the ancestor of the English usage. For, though not all, most wine-students, we believe, agree that the importation of unblended vintage claret into England, and still more into Scotland, is of very recent date, and that the "claret" of the last and

earlier centuries was much blended and loaded with Hermitage and other wine (which, by the way, would account for the two entries *Bordeaux-Médoc* and *Bordeaux-claret*). But we give this as opinion merely, and not as very positive opinion.

The Coal Strike. Both at the end of last week and at the beginning of this the coal strike showed some small signs of benignant "crumbling"—patches of men resuming work here and there. In some cases even county Federation Agents set the Federation at defiance and ordered, or permitted, "their men" (for the whole phraseology of this matter reeks of *imperium in imperio*) to resume. The violence of language of the strike leaders increased in proportion, and Mr. S. WOODS, M.P., informed a gang of strikers that Mrs. S. WOODS had expressed her intention, if he was shot, of "following" his executioner till she shot him down. A very natural woman, Mrs. WOODS, and doubtless a very good wife. But what is to be thought of the man who, in the present temper of Yorkshire colliers, holds up to them such advice and example? Of such are our members of Parliament nowadays!

Wednesday's news tended in the same direction. Whitehaven, Warwickshire, and the Forest of Dean had resumed work, and considerable impression had been made on Yorkshire and Derbyshire. Meanwhile a proposal for a Coal Trust had been started, a proposal grandiose, but more than a little doubtful. "Colliers" and salters are an old connexion, and the experiences of the Salt Union, both in respect of domestic consumption and foreign trade, are not encouraging, even if the scheme were not made more dangerous by the handle it would give to the nationalizers.

The coal-owners at a meeting on Thursday maintained their reasonable attitude, and offered arrangements; in face of which Mr. PICKARD, M.P., professionally asserts that the owners are responsible for the distress which has come on other trades by the men's action.

Correspondence. The *Times* is to be commended for having included in the usual budget of September letter-rubbish two extremely interesting letters, one from Egypt and one from India, written by natives of character and distinction in their way, and strongly protesting against the fads of our Radicals in both countries. Lord ABERDARE, continuing the defence of the Royal Niger Company, drew a rather insolent letter from the correspondent of the *Débats*, who seems to think that a man is not to state the facts of a case till he has acquainted himself with all possible fictions on it.

Yachting. The second race (this time for the Cape May Cup) between the *Britannia* and the *Navahoe*, from the Needles to Cherbourg and back, came off last Friday week, with weather and results very different from those of the first. The rattling breeze which on the former occasion had carried both yachts neck and neck to and fro, was exchanged for an alternation of dead calms and light airs, and there being now no blunder made in the arrangements for the finish, it was a case of the best boat winning. So skilfully was the *Britannia* sailed that she beat her opponent by thirty-six minutes, when they at last got home. At this time some anxiety was felt about the *Valkyrie*, which had been obliged by the wind to make a longish journey of it across the Atlantic.

Football. The Executive of the Rugby Union may be warmly congratulated on having last Wednesday rejected a proposal to "compensate players" for *bona fide* loss of time, or, in other words, to professionalize the Union.

Congresses, &c. Some interesting papers were read yesterday week, including one by Mr. CONWAY on his Himalayan expedition. But the paper of the day was Professor NICHOLSON'S sectional address on Political Economy, a most vigorous vindication of "orthodoxy"

in that department. Let us hope that the Professor is right, and that the vogue of Socialist sciolism in economics is declining. The worst of it is, that bad philosophies, just before they die, usually enjoy a truly green old age of popular and practical triumph. The most interesting event of this day week was Professor VIVIAN LEWES'S evening lecture to working-men on "Spontaneous Ignition," whereof he gave many interesting examples, though, unluckily (as, indeed, might have been anticipated), he did not extend belief to the picturesque but odorous phenomenon which so has pleased Mr. DICKENS and M. ZOLA.

The British Association, in the latter days of whose meeting few papers of much general interest were read, was succeeded on Thursday by the Institute of Journalists, which attracted unusual notice, by reason of a strong deputation of Parisian representatives, the chief of whom were M. ZOLA, M. MAGNARD of the *Figaro*, and M. AURÉLIEN SCHOLL.

Commissions. It is to be hoped that there was a good audience for the evidence given at the end of last week before both the Opium and the Welsh Land Commission. To the former, after missionaries and others had painted the Opium fiend, Opium wars, and so forth, in the familiar crimson and flame colours, came the very first living authorities, Sir THOMAS WADE, Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN, Mr. LAY, and others, and simply told the truth—a truth which we hope the Commission is competent to receive, though Lord BRASSEY seems to have the old fictions about "Opium wars" in his head. Before the Welsh Commission a tissue of tittle-tattle and tenants' grumbling was woven and unwoven in order to bring about the "Curse of Ireland"—the Land Act—on Wales also.

The Law Courts. The "Indian Oculists" were committed for trial on Wednesday.

Miscellaneous. A railway accident unusually disturbing to the imagination occurred on the Great Western this day week, a down express leaving the rails in the Box Tunnel and running into an up train. —A fall of earth, with, it is to be feared, only too certainly fatal results, at the great Dolcoath mine in Cornwall, and an elephant escape and hunt from SANGER'S menagerie in London, diversified the news of Thursday. —Gossips who had not been satisfied with the "Ardlamont Mystery" were on Thursday gratified by a "Clerkenwell Tragedy," in which a stockbroker and a chorus-singer were shot by an electrician, who then shot himself.

Obituary. M. BENOÎT MALON was a French Socialist who was believed to be honest and not known to be insane. —Sir ALEXANDER GALT (the son of JOHN GALT the novelist, a person much forgotten now, but of no small talent and some prominence in his own day) had been one of the foremost of Canadian politicians for half a century past. —Dr. CHARLES CLAY was a physician and surgeon nearly as old as the century, and, though he never practised in London, of very high distinction forty or fifty years ago. —Miss HENRIETTA MONTALBA'S graceful art in sculpture was well known. —By the death of the Countess of ROTHES, one of the oldest peerages in the United Kingdom again comes to an heir male, the eighteenth Earl. —Count DE BYLANDT had represented Holland at the Court of St. James's for more than twenty years, and was, we believe, at the moment the *doyen* of the diplomatic body here. —Mr. C. W. HEATON was a very distinguished chemist, and skilled in the literary exposition of his science.

The Theatre. A new and ambitious verse-play of the *Faust* cycle, entitled *The Tempter*, by Mr. H. A. JONES, was produced at the Haymarket on Wednesday.

THE SESSION.

THE most charitable—and, withal, the most sane—epitaph to be written over the Session which comes to an end this week would be an expression of hope that, as Mr. CARLYLE said of a particularly silly piece of French rhetorical blasphemy, “it is the *non plus ultra* of the thing.” The thing which we may hope has gone to the limit of its strength is not the Home Rule Bill, but the combination of persons and circumstances which has made the introduction and forcing through of that piece of factious electioneering possible. The Bill was never meant to become an Act. It was designed from the first, and has been recast during its progress through the House of Commons, with the sole intention that it might serve to give the Nationalist members such a promise as will induce them to support the Ministry in passing other measures by which it hopes to cook itself another, and a larger, majority at the next general election. If the employment of a whole Session on this purpose does prove the *non plus ultra* of what can be done by the most impudently factious party manœuvring, the time may perhaps be said not to have been wholly wasted.

The last eight months of electioneering in the thinnest possible disguise have been divided into two periods. First the Government, professing all the while to have a mandate from the country to settle Home Rule, devoted the earlier part of the Session to introducing a selection of the Bills by which it intended to satisfy all other sections of its variegated following, when once it had transacted the preliminary business of paying the indispensable Nationalists something on account. To describe this as a waste of all the time before Easter would be a strictly accurate use of language if the Cabinet's professed belief in its mandate and the solidity of its majority could be supposed to possess more than an electioneering truth. But then the majority is not solid. It is only an alliance of sections held together by the necessity which binds them all to Mr. GLADSTONE. The mandate, again, is a figure of speech which, in so far as it means anything, may be said to indicate the belief of a minority of voters in England and a majority of voters in Scotland that they would best secure ulterior objects of their own by first permitting Mr. GLADSTONE to add one more to the many unsuccessful attempts he has already made to “settle the Irish question.” As these voters voted in the full knowledge of the fact, imparted to them on the authority of their revered leader himself, that all previous efforts of his had been made in entire ignorance of the conditions of the problem, it may be said that their members had a mandate to say ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE while he was performing his necessary preliminary operation. It is not indispensable in their opinion that the settlement of the Irish question should be undertaken with knowledge, but only that it should be taken in hand by Mr. GLADSTONE. Given these relations of leader and followers, it was only natural that there should be an exchange of promises for the future, and blind support for the present, between them. So it cannot be asserted with confidence that the time spent in showing what things of the nature of Local Veto, Disestablishment, or Labour legislation shall at some future date be given to faithful supporters was necessarily wasted for the electioneering interests of the Cabinet. If the time has been lost, it has been because the prizes offered have not proved as tempting as was piously hoped. Yet even so the Cabinet has gained something in the shape of indications what it had better avoid. It learned that Local Veto must really be dropped, that Scotch Disestablishment may advantageously be postponed, that even Welsh Disestablishment cannot be taken up with con-

fidence—all precious indications to the thoughtful electioneering politician. How far the dropping and postponing are to prove feasible, we shall know when the “campaign” now being conducted under pretence of governing the country has gone a little further.

The way having been cleared by profuse promises to Teetotallers, semi-Socialists, Welshmen, and Scotchmen, the House got to the really important business of satisfying the Nationalists after Easter, and continued to be employed at this work for practically the whole of the rest of the Session, with intervals for Supply. Success, it is understood, has been obtained; for Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been good enough to say that the anti-Parnellites are very pleased with what they have got, as far as it goes. It is believed that they will now vote, like honest men, for those who have so steadily voted for them. The boon conferred upon them by Mr. GLADSTONE is not easy to define. It may perhaps be best described as a sign pointing to the possibility that at some future period a House of Commons may be got together in which a really effective majority will be so reckless, so ignorant, so shamelessly indifferent to the interests of the country, that it will be prepared to hand Ireland over to the allies of a criminal conspiracy, and to give to those same persons a commanding vote in the Parliament at Westminster. This, at least, is what the existing majority of about five per cent. of the House did technically vote for when it read the thing called a “Bill to Amend the Provision for the Government of Ireland.” This outward and visible sign of the infatuation of Mr. GLADSTONE, the subserviency of his followers, and the shameless unpatriotic self-seeking of both, is only to be described by a succession of negatives. It was not what Mr. GLADSTONE promised in Opposition, and in one most vital part was the direct reverse of what he emphatically did promise. It was not the Bill which was introduced in March after seven months of laborious preparation in the most awful secrecy. It was not even the first form taken by that Bill when the necessity of recasting it had become undeniable. It does not so much as profess to be a final settlement, for it leaves the whole financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland to be dealt with later on, while the Parnellites reject it altogether, and the Anti-Parnellites accept it very tepidly. It would not relieve the House of Commons of the pressure of Irish business; for it provided that there should be eighty Irish members in the House for all purposes, who would have every motive for faction. Four-fifths of it have never been debated. It was simply a shapeless collection of bribing promises made to the Nationalist members. Every important change in it was in the direction of promising more pelf and more power to Irishmen, with the openly avowed intention that they might be persuaded to help their English and Scotch accomplices to retain the seats they hold, and win others in the next general election.

The business of the Session on the part of the majority has been the forcing of this thing through by the most persistent abuse of the power of superior numbers, with the fullest knowledge that it would be rejected by, and the fixed intention to submit to its rejection by, the House of Lords. For the first time in the history of any Legislative Chamber above the rank of a South American Cortes, the Closure has been used to pass an undebated Constitution. As far as the Bill was moulded at all, it was not by the House but by hidden negotiations between Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish masters, or as the result of observations made by Mr. GLADSTONE on the temper of his other followers. The financial clauses, though they give Ireland more than Mr. GLADSTONE had described as generous terms in 1886, were received with universal grumbling by the Irish. They were dropped to be

replaced by a makeshift arrangement which, by postponing the final settlement, would leave Parliament hampered with the Irish question for years. A guarantee that the House would not be at liberty to neglect the duty of satisfying its Irish masters was provided in the shape of eighty members who were to be empowered to vote for all purposes. This last concession was no part of the original Bill, by which the Irish members were to be retained for Imperial purposes only. But a provision which would have constituted two classes of members of Parliament, and have set up two majorities, will be remembered only as an instance of futile ingenuity displayed in the effort to reconcile the irreconcilable. It found no defenders, was dropped at the last moment, and lamented by nobody except by Lord HERSCHELL.

The details of the bundle of bribing promises are of little importance in comparison to the measures by which the sham Bill in which they were contained was forced through the House. The duty of the Opposition was clear. It had to bring out the real character of the policy into which the nation was to be tricked, by insisting on the introduction of guarantees which would provide, otherwise than nominally, for enforcing the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. The work came so far within measure of being effectually done that the Irish members were provoked into open rebellion. Mr. GLADSTONE was informed, by the mouth of Mr. DILLON, that this must cease, and means were taken to carry his orders into effect. The Bill was closed through Committee and through the Report stage—for the most part undebated. There was no failure worth noting on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE's following to fulfil their share of the compact which keeps Ministers in office. A minute handful of members who could not wholly forget their hustings promises voted against the retention of the Irish members, or now and then stood aside. But these were rare exceptions. As a rule, the Gladstonian members voted steadily and in silence for the gratification of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Nationalists. Nobody argued on the Government side, Mr. GLADSTONE was left to do the talking. His colleagues did not deprive him of any appreciable share of the honour and the toil. Some of them were only whipped up to speak on the third reading. But they voted steadily—voted for the Bill as it stood first, as it was changed once, as it was changed again; voted for omissions, voted for additions, voted for the Closure once and again, voted the thing out of the way, that there might be leisure for the cooking of the next majority. It went to the Lords, who rejected it on the second reading by a majority of ten to one, to the relief of most men, and amid the absolute indifference of the Irish themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE went off for a holiday, his colleagues became comparatively rational, and the House turned to Committee of Supply—to the usual conversations on the usual fads. And so there was an end of eight months of impudent, portentously solemn, and in all probability entirely futile hypocrisy. We may see as bad things, but we shall never see anything excelling this in its kind.

It is surely superfluous to add that foreign, colonial, and domestic affairs were entirely neglected, except when they could be squeezed into notice in Supply under circumstances which made effectual debate nearly impossible. Everything else has been left over; there has been nothing done except the prostitution of the House of Commons, in the possibly unfounded hope of hiring the services of the Irish members for the party purposes of the English and Scotch Gladstonians, and perhaps the revelation to the country of what Home Rule means when it is dragged into the open.

WANTED—A VICEROY.

IN some respects there is very little to be said about Sir HENRY NORMAN's reconsideration of his acceptance of the post of Viceroy of India. It is perfectly true that he is an old man; perfectly true that the Viceroyalty is not, and is for some time not likely to be, a post in which a man has nothing to do but draw his salary and give himself the trouble to exist; perfectly true that Sir HENRY is not on the spot, and could not look in at Downing Street at eleven o'clock, and say, "Yes, I'll take it," and then, after a walk of reflection round St. James's Park, look in at half-past, and say, "I think I'd better not." These obvious and anodyne considerations may cover the whole ground, or they may not; and Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL's statement on Thursday shall have due respect. In any case, the next move of the Government is of more importance and more interest than the falling through of this. Still, the thing is a little odd, and more than a little unusual. We have ourselves no disposition to, and some contempt for, "quidnunkery." But, if the quidnuncs will say that a man does not first accept and then refuse what is in its own particular way perhaps the highest position open to an English subject—that, above all, he does not put a fortnight between his acceptance and his rejection, when the grounds of the latter are no other than the very constant and well-known ones of his own age and health; that something must have happened, some possible subservience or submission must have been suggested, some prospects which a man of honour could not face must have been opened up—why, if the quidnuncs will thus quidnunc it, we do not quite see who is to prevent them.

Meanwhile the Government, after "drinking all their shame," as the picturesque French idiom has it, have a chance of mending their hand, if (which is not much in Mr. GLADSTONE's way) they choose to do so. They can now make an appointment which is probably the best possible; they can make several in different degrees of goodness or badness, and they can no doubt, as we pointed out at the first, make almost any number which would be far worse than Sir HENRY NORMAN's. We shall await their decision with a strict impartiality, and meanwhile consider their discomfiture with a mild amusement.

THE GLORY OF GLASGOW.

ONE likes to see a thing done well, and even an advertisement may be admirable for literary breadth and finish. These qualities mark a volume, about the size of a shilling novel, on a Glasgow hotel. We need not name this how; sure there can be but one such, even in bonny Glasgow. "This hotel is, without doubt, 'one of the most imposing buildings even in a city 'which boasts some of the very finest specimens of 'modern architecture.' 'The Great Wizard himself '... would find himself in the midst of much which, 'even with his unrivalled powers, would still beggar 'description.' Sir WALTER was good at scenery, less so at palaces; but our author can himself describe the splendours which beggar description.

The very hall porter has "the information of an 'Encyclopædia,' and every waiter, doubtless, is a MEZZOFANTI. There is a 'Gaelic lessee' of the hair-dresser's department, and he, we learn, supplies the humour for this very literary establishment, and "will 'tickle the recollection." The walls are hung with Lin-crusta, that costly and beautiful material, "and the vast 'surface is overlaid with gold." NERO himself never dreamed of aught so palatial. The Entresol reminds our author of "the warmth and shadow which DORÉ 'works out in many of his pictures." Here REMBRANDT might have had a word said for him; we are also

reminded of MARTIN, but DORÉ, perhaps, is better, as more familiar. The Grand Dining Room is "really one of the most imposing interiors that will be seen anywhere," and the design, very appropriately, is "old Baronial." "Massive pillars of dove-coloured marble" remind us that we are not in a military, but a pacific, palace; "these monoliths are universally admired," for, as we are carefully informed, "they are monoliths," and we have a design representing them, perhaps in monolithography. After the cave of Staffa we know nothing more utterly monolithic. "A new and magnificent installation of electric light" adds a fairy splendour to the corridors, which, indeed, recall "the corridors of Time," mysteriously alluded to by the poet.

The basement next engages the Muse; here are more corridors, the corridors of Eternity, for they are "interminable." "Wildernesses of wine-cellar" contain "venerable wines, lying silent and dusty as the contents of the catacombs." The bottles, we presume—not the wines—are dusty; their "silence" is eloquent of still champagne; here is no noisy ginger-pop; here all is luxurious peace. Here, not far off, are "ice-houses, with their chills," from which we trust that they may speedily recover. There are "drying-rooms like Turkish baths," which usually, to be sure, produce moisture. Here is "Camembert from Lisieux, Roquefort from Aveyron"—shade of OUIDA, canst thou have automatically dictated these sonorous periods, as doth "JULIA" whisper bosh to Mr. STEAD? "These are the questions nobody can answer," but we think that we detect the style of our favourite descriptive author, especially when, in the kitchen, "the dignified chef moves like some Eastern High Priest, silent and serene." His name, we believe, is ARBACES the Egyptian; he has devilled nightingales' tongues for ELAGABALUS, and is a dead hand at a haggis. "And the great Laundry is not to be forgotten, where everything is white, except the shining arms and smiling faces of innumerable girls." But their arms, too, we ween, are white. It is a symphony in white and rose, this Laundry; and in the vats of Glasgow this day the shirts shall soap round the white feet of laughing girls whose sires abjure the POPE. After these fairy halls, as of THETIS, after DOTO, PROTO, and the other young *blanchisseuses*, we care less, we admit, for the Machinery, the forge of HEPHÆSTUS. Briefly, "the favoured occupants"—like a gentleman in a Scotch story with "red herrings and whisky toddy on the table"—have "all which the heart of man can desire." We feel transported to "Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold," which our author quotes *à propos* of the New Municipal Buildings. But what are they, after all, compared to the pleasure domes of MCKUBLA KHAN in the glory of Glasgow, the Hotel? Banners yellow, glorious, golden, on the roof do float and flow, much as in the happy olden days of Mr. EDGAR POE. Chicago comparatively "has no show," Glasgow is the true home of the gorgeous—a city of the *Arabian Nights*. Whiles it's a wee thing foggy.

THE FEDERATION AGAIN.

THAT celebrated expression—the massacre of the innocents—applies in one sense with more, and in another with less, than its usual aptness to the operation performed by the Government last Monday night. The Bills sacrificed, that is to say, are most of them more infantile and less innocent than the average Ministerial measure which has to be dropped towards the close of a Session. Of the seven victims which were dispatched on the night in question, there was not one which had, so to speak, been weaned. None of them had reached the Committee stage, and the more

part, if we recollect rightly, had not even been read a second time. So much for the tenderness of their age. As for their innocence, it is enough to say that there is but one out of the whole seven, the Labour Disputes Arbitration Bill—or, doubtfully, two, if we include the Conspiracy and Breach of the Peace Bill—which can pretend to other than a partisan origin; while each of the five or six remaining measures represents either a concession to a mischievous fad, or the consideration for a corrupt purchase of Parliamentary votes, or an unscrupulous electioneering manoeuvre. It may be doubted whether any Government in our time—even if we examine the earlier Administrations of Mr. GLADSTONE himself—has ever had to announce the withdrawal of so thoroughly disreputable a batch of measures as are included under the five titles of the Vaccination Bill, the Registration of Electors Amendment Bill, the Registration of Voters (Scotland) Amendment Bill, the Established Church (Wales) Bill, and the Liquor Traffic (Local Control) Bill. Substantially it amounts to this—that the Government have had to call a meeting of the creditors whose votes they have corruptly purchased, and to ask each of them "for time." To one batch of traffickers they say:—"We admit that we promised, in return for your support, to let you humble the Churchman who excites your social envy as a Dissenter; but you must give us time." To another they acknowledge and renew their undertaking to plunder a trade in the interests of public morality, but beg to be allowed to defer its execution. They condole with a third and fourth on their inability to fulfil their promise to pack the electoral register until next year; and, with many regrets that they cannot just yet poison the public health, as per compact, they preach patience to the idiotic bigotry of a fifth. As none of these haters of their neighbours and enemies of the Commonwealth could help themselves, they have all, of course, "given time," as requested; and the whole batch of flagitious bargains has in consequence disappeared from the Order Book at a stroke.

It would be useless, we fear, to invite the Government to reconsider, amid this wreck of their legislative programme, their too magnanimous determination to spare the House of Lords. Otherwise we might ask them whether it is really worth while to postpone what they regard as their inevitable triumph at the polls, and thus "brokenly live on" for another six or seven months or so in a practically paralysed condition. What is the use of meeting in November to struggle painfully on with an Employers' Liability Bill and a Parish Councils Bill against a minority so nearly equal in numerical strength to themselves? Were it not better done, as other Governments use in such circumstances, to go to the country for the thumping majority which it seems is to be had for the asking, and to meet a new Parliament in November next (if they please), as at present arranged, not with this beggarly residue of the last Speech from the Throne to offer the House of Commons, but instead thereof the whole Newcastle programme, with a reasonable certainty of carrying it? It is evidently useless, we say, to ask any such questions as these, because it seems certain that, if the Government were in the least likely to entertain them seriously, they would already have interposed to prevent those egregious supporters of theirs, the National Liberal Federation, from making themselves and their leaders ridiculous. Not satisfied apparently with the general outburst of contemptuous mirth which they evoked by the publication of their precious "circular," they have generously gone out of their way to provide fresh amusement for the public by holding a meeting in the Conference Room of the National Liberal Club to explain quite superfluously why they prefer vapouring about a "hereditary and

"irresponsible" Chamber to summoning an indignant public to mend or end it. The names of the speakers, whose thrilling addresses fill nearly two columns of the faithful *Daily News*, supply an explanation of the only circumstance which needs one—the fact, namely, of the meeting being held at all. When we have said that the Chairman was Mr. CHARLES MORLEY, "a vice-president of the Home Counties Division" of the Federation, and that the audience were successively addressed by that not exactly world-famous member of Parliament Mr. W. O. CLOUGH, by Mr. F. MADDISON, Mr. F. E. BARNES, Dr. HEBER L. HART, Mr. JAMES LEMON, and Mr. J. MARNHAM, it is possible that even the most innocent of our readers may begin to have an inkling of the purpose of this demonstration, and to understand that it was got up not so much against the House of Lords as in favour of the demonstrators. In short, the *id quod erat demonstrandum* was less the iniquities of "hereditary legislators," than the modest merits of certain gentlemen whose names are not so well known to the general public as, in the opinion of their owners, they deserve to be.

Considered as a "friendly lead" for the nonentities and obscurities of the party, the meeting of the Federation has no doubt served its purpose. When the object of a speaker is simply to call public attention to the fact that he has a whip and is whipping something with it, a dead horse will do as well as anything else. The sight, of course, is an absurd and an indecent one; but it shocks good taste only and not humanity; it hurts nobody and injures nothing. And since by any mode, however clumsy, of performing the operation they must necessarily attain the main object of publicity, it would, perhaps, be superfluous to criticize their attacks. Still there is a right and a wrong way of flogging even a dead horse, and it is curious to note the uniformity of preference which the Gladstonian shows for the wrong one. The most moderate amount of tactical intelligence would surely have warned him not to lay too much stress, at any rate for the purposes of this particular agitation against the House of Lords, on the superior authority of an elective as compared with a non-elective Chamber of Legislature. There are occasions when this line of argument may perhaps be more or less advantageously worked; but the present is not one of them. For even the most simple of electors—supposing him to comprehend the "terms of art" involved—must be able to perceive that a representative assembly which passes laws without discussing them might just as well have elected themselves for all the pretence they can make to having discharged the duty entrusted to them by those who did elect them. Mr. CLOUGH, M.P., apparently did not see this; but that is because Mr. CLOUGH, M.P., was thinking less of what he was saying than of the mere fact that he had succeeded in finding an opportunity of opening his mouth in public, and of making certain articulate noises which would be reported in the next morning's newspaper. We only quote him because his observations quite typically illustrate the fatuous complacency of the school of politicians to which he belongs. When he asks "what Lord can justify his position in the House of Lords as he (the speaker) could justify his position in the House of Commons," he forgets that it is less important for a member of either branch of the Legislature to be able to "justify his position" than to have a good defence for his behaviour in it. When he points to "the majority of, as he thought, very sensible people" (which, of course, is the question in dispute) "who had elected him, and to whom he is responsible," he appeals to a fact which, so long as he underlies the charge of having put his proxy into Mr. GLADSTONE'S pocket, is simply his condemnation. If Peers are liable to be challenged for defective authority, the

"items" who challenge them should surely avoid any allusions to representative responsibility.

The Radical, as those who have studied him are well aware, is generally ten years or so behind the times in his politics. No one, indeed, is so innocently old-fashioned on many questions as he. He began to pick up the jargon of Republican sentiment just as it was beginning to be discredited in the countries which had had practical experience of Republican institutions, and now, in his attack upon the House of Lords, he is venting all the stale stuff about "accidents of an accident," "hereditary wisdom," "having taken the trouble to be born," and all the rest of it, which had its currency in the day before the far more capricious and haphazard working of an elective system based on a democratic suffrage was as clearly appreciated by all intelligent people as it is now. These belated assailants of the House of Lords seem to be quite unaware of the fact that it is the House of Commons which has been declining in reputation and authority for the last three or four Parliaments, and that as regards this latest illustration of the parts played respectively by the two Houses, it is the latter and not the former which is on its defence.

ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

IT is long since so many and such interesting African subjects came before us at once as those which have presented themselves during the last week or ten days. Egypt, Uganda, the Niger district, and Mashonaland have, all of them in the telegraphic columns of the newspapers, and most of them in the House of Commons, been the theme of important news and comments, which in their turn deserve comment; nor is there any one of these subjects which might not in other circumstances fairly claim a substantive discussion here. But that is impossible, and we must for the moment pass with little more than mention the valuable and interesting letter of the fellah SOLOMON HEZEH to the *Times*, with its testimony that the outcry, such as it is, against English rule is not Egyptian at all, but due to the motley mob of corrupt and mongrel foreigners, Turk and Frank, who find our presence a terror to evildoers. So also we can but glance at the better dispositions towards England which are said to have followed ABBAS Pasha's return from Constantinople. It would be rash to attach too much importance or credence to these latter; it would show that other kind of rashness which comes from over-caution wholly to disbelieve in them. As not all old men are wise, so not all young ones are fools; and it is by no means impossible that the young KHEDIVE—thanks, either to the SULTAN'S influence or to his own temporary emancipation from mischievous influences at home—may have come to the conclusion that he may go much further than his present condition and fare much worse than in it.

Of the Niger Company dispute there is a little, but not much more, to be said. The extreme acrimony of the Paris papers may be partly due to the approaching Russian visit and to resentment at the German EMPEROR'S recent language in Lorraine; for it must be remembered that here at least, if not elsewhere, in Africa the interests of Germany and England are almost identical. The French adventurers or filibusters whom the rather incomprehensible complaisance of the English Foreign Office, under the last as well as the present Government, has forced upon the Company, till even such an amiable worm as Lord ABERDARE has turned, have (it may, perhaps, surprise the incurious Briton to know) absolutely nothing that they can do on the Niger and the Benue without interfering with the rights either of England or of Germany. The region of the right bank of the Benue is protected from

French influence by the Anglo-French agreement quite up to Lake Tchad; while if the French try to strike the Lake from their own Congo district, *via* Adamawa, they cut off the German *Hinterland* of the Cameroons. The merest glance at a recent and accurate map will show this to any one, let the *Temps* and the *Débats* rage never so furiously. To merely commercial traffic the rivers ought, indeed, to be free, reserving a proper solatium to the Company. But for flags and cartridges and soldiers and machine guns there is no route up the Niger and the Benue eastwards at all. If the French want to get at the central Soudan from the south (and it is open to argument whether their agreement with us does not bar them from this altogether), there is no possible route for them except through the one remaining No Man's Land and unexplored region north of Lat. 5° and east of Long. 15°. They simply cannot try by Yola without trespassing either on English or on German rights.

The interesting news of last week from Uganda has rejoiced every one except the fanatics of scuttle, and the small band of those English Roman Catholics who are Romans before they are English. Although we do not yet know quite fully what has happened to the north of Lake Victoria, it is quite certain that Sir GERALD PORTAL'S mission has, so far as we do know, been crowned with a very remarkable success. The "Catholic-Protestant" quarrels have been composed; the two parties have combined against and vanquished the formidable *tiers parti* of Mohammedans; the Egyptian Soudanese troops have proved faithful, notwithstanding a fresh attempt at his old game by their late leader, SELIM Bey; and the whole province or empire has been put in a state which we can maintain with very little difficulty, and which we can only relinquish with infinite disgrace and loss. Of course, the Government, mindful of a certain craze of its extreme Radical supporters, has been careful to point out that it is committed to nothing. Of course these same supporters have been equally careful to protest against the creation of a new field for British energy, a new outlet for British trade; against the securing of one of the very last regions which remain open for teeming Western nations; against the occupation of the place of arms which, sooner or later, will, if we are not fools, give us the entire Eastern Soudan. But, on the whole, things appear to have gone very well, and pluck, coolness, and good management have given us a position which is not open to any cavil on the humanitarian side, and which is more difficult to abandon than to keep. Indeed, we feel inclined to condole with our friends the scuttlers. It is really very hard on them that the Fortune of England should go on providing men like Sir GERALD PORTAL to spoil their fairest hopes.

More pressing, more complicated, and a great deal more ambiguous is the question of Mashonaland. Although the news from that quarter is of the most conflicting and unsatisfactory character, there can be no reasonable doubt that that war with the Matabele which every one of a little experience and a little sense has foreseen from the first is very probably imminent. It is not, we hope, necessary for us here to disclaim even the slightest sympathy with scuttlers anywhere. We are for "forward" in all unclaimed regions; and we are only sorry that England has not "claimed" to the Congo, and the Ubangi, and the Nile, instead of not much further than the Zambesi. Further, most Englishmen know something, directly or indirectly, of the pioneers who, in too many cases with wives and belongings, have ventured into this outpost of the English Empire. At the same time the question is anything but an easy or simple one. We must confess to a total want of sympathy with those who want "to go in and polish off LOBENGULA." LOBENGULA, so far

as we can see, has kept his faith with us very creditably, and we should like a much better reason than the recent raid for not keeping faith with him. We wish that the Company would not try to play on the great cant-organ by holding up the numbers of innocent Mashonas that have been killed by somebody. We do not think that the story discussed (not, of course, disclosed for the first time), on Tuesday night, about the innocent Mashonas who happened to be killed, not by the Company's landlord, incumbancer, and enemy, but by the Company itself, is at all a pretty story; and, generally speaking, we feel marvellous little enthusiasm over the wonders which the Maxim gun may do against Matabele, Makalaka, or Mawhatyoulike. Yet further, we own to a distinct curiosity at all times to know exactly whither any team which Mr. CECIL RHODES drives is being driven, what the objects of the journey are, and into whose pocket the profits, if any, are to go.

We are, therefore, in the unlucky position of not exactly sympathizing with anybody except those Englishmen and Englishwomen who are exposed to danger; but the persons with whom we sympathize least are those who direct the present policy of the Government of England. Their course is, as it seems to us, pretty clear. Instead of saying, "Don't attack; and if you are attacked we will not protect you," they clearly ought to say, "Attack at your peril; but, if you are attacked without your fault, the whole strength of England shall be at your back if necessary." The only intelligent game for a Home Government to play is to make these outlying parts a strictly Imperial dependency—a *Reichsland*—ruled, if necessary, through the Company as Agent, which may counteract the unsatisfactory tendencies of the Cape Colony and the dangerous presence of the two more or less independent Dutch Republics. By degrees the Zulu-Matabele, who have never increased much, might be confined to a reasonable "reservation," in which they could indulge their usual habits. The mining, pastoral, and other capabilities of the rest of Zambesia and of Bechuanaland could be developed; and, whether the Company lasts or whether it does not, the English tenure of this great country would be unendangered. But the present policy seems too like that which has successively estranged every layer and generation of English colonists in South Africa, and fed the fire of Afrikaner disaffection—a policy of prohibition, but little or no protection; of meddle and muddle, but no intelligent government. With a proper military administrator directly appointed by the Crown, there would be no danger of such incidents as Captain LENDY'S unadvised playing with his Maxim; and with such an administrator, properly supported, LOBENGULA would probably be much too wise to attack, and could be easily disposed of when attacking. As it is, every one who has talked to Cape Colonists about the actual events of thirteen years ago must look with some apprehension on the possible events of the next few months.

ARISTIDES-ASQUITH.

ARE we not hearing just a little too much about the antique virtue of Mr. ASQUITH? He gets an advantage, as we pointed out several months ago, from association with a Government who came into office pledged to do all in their power for the law-breakers of every degree; but we must really be on our guard against a too rapturous enthusiasm over the discovery that Mr. GLADSTONE has one colleague who actually holds that law and order should be maintained, and that murderous enemies of civil society should be visited with something more than a nominal punish-

ment. One might have thought that the too effusive Parliamentary welcome of this gratifying revelation would have been corrected by certain speeches since delivered by the HOME SECRETARY in the Home Rule debates and other Irish occasions—speeches wherein it was made clear enough that the “rigid” Minister could on adequate inducement patter the “flash” language of the Anarchist with the best of them. Indeed, we recall a certain interposition of Mr. ASQUITH’s in a smart Irish debate between the two front benches which some of his hearers regarded as absolutely destructive of the reputation won for him by his memorable speech in justification of his refusal to advise the release of the imprisoned dynamiters. Some reputations seem, however, to mature rapidly into indestructible superstitions; and Mr. ASQUITH’s, apparently, is one of them. In the debate on the Appropriation Bill he has just delivered another defence of his Ministerial action—this time a courageous, even an heroic, assent to the application of a local authority for a reinforcement of the police of a district threatened with a violent outbreak of riot—and, behold! his praise is once more in all the newspapers of both parties; and we are again bidden to rejoice that we possess a Minister whose public virtue is proof against his natural inclination to rebuke the undue anxiety of provincial magistrates for the preservation of peace, and to exhort intending rioters to “go in and win.”

No doubt Mr. ASQUITH owes something to the Labour members in the House of Commons. Nothing could be more favourable to the legend of the HOME SECRETARY’S wonderful firmness than to have half a dozen of these cheap opponents going about the country denouncing him for having deliberately, without cause or warning, sent out the armed forces of the Crown into districts where industrial disputes were going on, in order that they might take the side of the coalowners and crush the miners. Because the Minister thus absurdly accused can, figuratively speaking, “draw himself up to his full height,” and denounce the insinuation, amid the cheers of the House, as a “pitiful and ridiculous fiction,” his hearers and the public forthwith proceed—unsoundly, indeed, but not unnaturally—to infer that there must be something very vigorous indeed about the Executive action which can irritate the “Labour member” into such passionate misrepresentation of it. People, however, who reason in this way do not know their Labour member. Otherwise they would be aware that, though addressing angry men, he was in all probability perfectly cool himself, and engaged in his everyday business of flattering their humours for his own interests; so that he would have fastened upon any measures taken for the protection of order by a Home Secretary—whether resolute or timid, and whether Mr. ASQUITH or another—as the subject for a discourse on the wickedness of Authority, and its natural disposition to help the wrong side in any struggle between capital and labour. That is all that men like Mr. WOODS and Mr. KEIR HARDY ever have meant; but they could not play more effectively into Mr. ASQUITH’S hands if they were “bonnets” expressly engaged for the purpose. They have contributed not a little to sustain his somewhat absurdly inflated reputation, and to create fresh occasion for a display of that weak effusiveness which has exalted a Minister into something like a hero for simply discharging a duty which he would have deserved impeachment for neglecting.

The fame of this ARISTIDES of ours is the more remarkable in that it is beginning to surround even the qualities of his oratory with a sort of mythical halo. His speech of the other night, which was supposed to have been what is called “spirited,” and no doubt was

characterized by a certain animation of tone, will nevertheless be found on examination to have been largely apologetic in point of matter. Conceive, for instance, a Minister of the Crown asking Mr. SAM WOODS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE what they would have done in his place! And this is not an isolated sentence, for through a considerable portion of his speech the other night the HOME SECRETARY harped, with astonishing insistence, on the thesis that the good citizen everywhere might be expected to approve of the policy of assisting local authorities to maintain order in their districts. Moreover, it is worth noting that the only concession which it was possible for Mr. ASQUITH to make to his noisy assailants he has, in fact, made. He has succeeded in satisfying himself by an examination of the evidence produced at the inquests on the two men who lost their lives under the fire of the soldiery at Featherstone, that there are a number of facts which were not investigated at all, in consequence, no doubt, of the hurry of the proceedings, and he therefore intends to provide for their thorough and more adequate investigation by some tribunal which he has yet to devise and constitute. The “evidence” which Mr. ASQUITH states that he has examined is perhaps fuller and more detailed than the reports which have been read by the public; and at present, accordingly, we are not, of course, in a position to criticize this step of his to any purpose. But it is a little disquieting to gather from his account of his action that it was the irreconcilable character, not of the depositions, but of the findings—a very different matter—which put the HOME SECRETARY upon inquiry. For, on the face of the evidence as reported, there is no reason why the jury at one of the inquests should have insisted on returning an “open verdict” when the other saw its way to a definite conclusion, except—well, except that the former was manifestly more in sympathy with the views of Mr. SAM WOODS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE than the latter, which is not exactly a reason for re-opening the inquiry.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT is the custom of politicians whose duty it is to introduce the Indian Budget to lament that custom compels them to present it to a weary House at a late period. Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL did not fail to follow the correct official tradition on Thursday night, and, indeed, it may be allowed that none of his predecessors in office has had a better cue to speak of the lateness of the season and the fatigue of the House. And yet perhaps it would be better if some means were found to bring in the Budget in circumstances more, and much more, unfavourable to discussion. It is eminently unfortunate that the egregious Mr. SCHWANN should have so good an excuse as the discussion on Indian affairs during this week has given him for congratulating the “peoples of India and of England upon the rising interest which was ‘being taken in these questions in that House.’” The kind of interest which is likely to be approved by Mr. SCHWANN, and the language in which he will express it, are not subjects of congratulation either to India or to England.

This discussion is the less valuable because the substance of the Budget is always well known for weeks before it is read in the House of Commons. The figures for this year have given Mr. RUSSELL a better founded excuse for lamentation at the date and circumstances at and in which he has to call the attention of the House to a variety of matters which it is very ill qualified to criticize. Indian financiers are in the unfortunate position of being burdened by deficits due to causes over which it has not yet been proved that

they have any effectual control. Revenue increases, but unhappily the demands upon it increase even more quickly. The most hungry and insatiable of those demands is due to the fall in the exchange value of silver. It is due to this that a surplus of Rs 467,000 has been turned into a deficit of Rs 1,600,000. The worst of it is that nobody can be sure that any effectual remedy can be found for this evil. The deficit may grow still larger in spite of all the Government can do to stop the fall of the rupee by giving it a monopoly value. Mr. RUSSELL quoted a curious example of the way in which the difficulties of the Indian Government, and its attempts to remedy them, act and react on one another. Part of the deficit is due to a fall in the opium revenue, and that fall was the direct result of the species of panic caused in the China trade by the cessation of the free coinage of silver. Thus it appears that the measures taken by the Indian Government to save itself from further loss by exchange has caused a loss in one of the surest sources of revenue, which may more than counterbalance the good done. The exact value of those measures, too, appears to be extremely uncertain, even to those who have every motive to defend them. On this point Mr. GOSCHEN, who has hitherto said nothing on the subject, because he had nothing to propose to the Indian Government better than its own experiment, was at one with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

A part, though not an important part, of the burden thrown on the Indian Government is due to the efforts which have at last been made to remedy at least in some measure the undoubted grievances of Civil Servants. The reality of those grievances is beyond dispute. As Sir GEORGE CHESNEY demonstrated last Thursday—in answer to some very questionable criticism delivered on the previous day by the Parsee member for Finsbury—the salaries of the Civil Service have been tending to decrease for years past. They have been cut down for economy, and they have been even more effectually cut down by the loss on the exchange. The Government has put off giving its servants an equivalent for this last form of loss as long as it had a plausible excuse for delay. When it had finally decided on the steps it meant to take to arrest a further fall in the rupee, it could not decently delay any longer. When it has acted, its measures have been extremely modest. It has modified the old Company's system of allowing its military officers to send "family remittances" at a fixed ratio, and will in future allow all military and civil officials—if we fully understand Mr. RUSSELL—to assign up to one half of their salaries in England at the rate of 1s. 6d. to the rupee. This concession increases, though to a very trifling extent, the burden on the Indian Treasury. Mr. RUSSELL gives the estimated figure of the net loss at Rs 480,000, to which Rs 40,000 must be added for furlough allowance at the same rate. The whole hardly amounts to the value of a second-class cruiser. The older officers who came to India when the rupee was worth twenty pence and upwards will be losers even under this new and more generous system.

THE BEHAR CADASTRAL SURVEY.

IN the memoir of James Thomason, one of the most experienced of Anglo-Indian administrators, it is well remarked by the author who had himself served in the Thomason school, that the administration of the Revenue overshadows "in importance all other branches of the Civil Government." Until the demands of the State for its land revenue, and the claims of the landholder for rent, which is the basis of revenue, have been placed on a sound footing, nothing else will be done. It is useless to talk about education, repression of crime, cheap and easy justice,

municipalities, and the sanitation of town and village, until an enormous agricultural population knows what it ought to pay for rent, whether its ancient rights and interests are safeguarded, whether they are to be at the mercy of the Talukdar and his agents, or are to be rudely swept away before the theories of some reformer, who insists on discovering contract where only custom had prevailed. Warned by failures and examples, the administrators of our later acquisitions in India have at once dealt with these weighty matters as of permanent and vital importance. Yet, early in the century, the Ryotwari system against that of big landlords found a determined and successful advocate in Munro. In the North-West Provinces the village communities were saved from disruption by Robert Bird and James Thomason. In the Panjab and, at a later date, in the Central Provinces, a summary Settlement in each district was followed, at intervals of five, ten, or even twenty years, by what is termed a Regular Settlement, with its minute and careful record of rights and responsibilities, boundaries, landmarks, and individual holdings. In the province of Benares, where Lord Teignmouth, following in the steps of Lord Cornwallis, gave to the Zamindars in 1795 the boon of a permanent and irrevocable Settlement, the rights of the under-tenants and agriculturists were settled soon after the above date; and we learn from the Blue Book before us that, in this very province, it has recently been found imperative to re-survey in the interests of Ryot and Talukdar. With our earliest and, it may be said, our richest and most populous province, the case, unfortunately, is different. The distinct pledges given by Lord Cornwallis in 1793—that legislation should protect the interests of a vast agricultural population—were not redeemed till the rule of Lord Canning. An Act passed by that statesman, with the aid of men so different in experience as Sir James Colville, Sir John Grant, and Mr. Edward Currie, and known as Act X. of 1859, was rightly interpreted a few years afterwards by the High Court of Justice in Bengal in favour of the cultivator. By an enactment of more recent times—"the Bengal Tenancy Act"—Lord Ripon did something to compensate for the mischievous and sentimental tendency of his other social and legal reforms. And before and since his departure this same subject has been forced on the notice of Collectors and Commissioners, of three Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal in succession, and of two Secretaries of State who represent, where English political questions are concerned, widely divergent views.

Reports and despatches fill a Blue-Book of nearly two hundred pages. It is evident that the present race of civilians are fully alive to their duties and responsibilities; that they have mastered the systems of rent and revenue in the province of Behar in its broad and comprehensive aspects as well as in its thorny and perplexing details; and that they have a right to be heard on behalf of the voiceless agricultural community, while Congresses and Associations may be left to discreet silence or effervescing talk on miscellaneous topics. It is placed beyond doubt that the condition of the Behar peasant imperatively demands a further administrative or legal remedy. About forty years ago it was thought that he was fully capable of defending himself. It was the Ryot of Central and Eastern Bengal, on the other hand, who lay at the mercy of the powerful Zamindar. Perhaps this notion was confirmed by the action, in the Mutiny, of Koer Sing and his fighting men, when the Behar Zamindar was driven to rebel with his tenantry by the loss of a big suit in the Old Sudder Court of Calcutta. It is now agreed that the astute and supple Bengali is full of resources and is nearly a match for the landlord.

The Behar peasant has seen his rents raised during the past half-century to a rate not warranted by any capital expended by the Zamindar, by any legal enactment or decision, or by the general and increasing prosperity of the country. His dwelling is miserable, his diet poor, and his daily wage when he works is inadequate. Illegal and arbitrary enhancement of rents and extra cesses are common, on the marriage of the Zamindar's son, or because this personage has to pay for the cross-country post, the education of his tenantry, and the road cess. It may be added that the increase of the actual rent far exceeds the rise in the market price of the staple crops and the food of the people. In short, owing to the superior knowledge of the Zamindar, the craft and cunning of the village agents, and his own ignorance and apathy, the Behar peasant has been reduced to a pitiable condition such as justifies active

interference on the part of the executive. Accordingly in 1885 an experimental survey was sanctioned for a part of the district of Muzaffarpore. This district, it may be observed, forms just one-half of the enormous district of Tirhut, which at the time of the famine of 1874 had a population of four millions, equal to that of all Scotland. It was shortly afterwards cut in half, and the title of Durbhanga from the extensive Zamindari of that name was given to the new creation. The Settlement officer, Mr. Collin, a Civil servant of some standing and obviously well up to his work, in the course of one cold season, when camping out is possible and pleasant, has mapped and surveyed more than thirteen hundred villages covering seven hundred square miles, has marked with stone pillars what are called the "trijunction" points of nearly nine hundred villages, and in a year has completed the record of more than two hundred villages and ascertained the rents of no less than forty-three thousand seven hundred holdings of Ryots. It should be explained that, whereas in other provinces a survey has naturally led to an enhancement of rent, in this case the object was merely to record what rent the Ryot had been habitually paying, what was his status of occupancy or otherwise, and what he might reasonably be expected to pay. Perhaps the selection of the word Cadastral is not very felicitous. It gives no indication of the nature of the work, and it has been made use of on platforms and in acrimonious discussions on paper, as if it were the very opposite of Mesopotamia. Practically in the comparatively limited area of experiment, the Settlement officer, while demonstrating beyond question the miserable condition of the Behar Ryot, has been able already to carry out some of the benevolent intentions of a deceased Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who desired the introduction of a simple and effective procedure which should enable a Ryot to maintain his right or his occupancy, to hold his land on a fixed tenure, to know exactly what he ought to pay, to resist illegal enhancement, illegal distraint, and illegal cesses, and, what is equally important, to have trustworthy records of demands and payments.

That these are the proper objects of a good and paternal Government in the East can hardly be disputed. Sydney Smith, in the famous letters of Peter Plymley, said that the objects of good government in Ireland were roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, and a clear highway. In Behar, with the policeman and the good road, the Ryot who does everything for the land should have a fixed rent, or at least one not to be arbitrarily enhanced. This judicious experiment has, we learn, been going on for some time past without arousing any very violent controversy, with its ultimate acceptance by the parties most interested in the dispute, and without the fulfilment of divers dismal prophecies uttered by English as well as native opponents of the measure. But, not unnaturally, more opposition has been recently excited by the announcement that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, backed by the Viceroy and his Council, feels warranted in extending the same process to the whole of the Behar Province, and ultimately to all Lower Bengal. The correspondence, of which only a part has been published, discloses a curious state of things. It is brim-full of facts and statistics and incidents illustrative of peasant and provincial life. It has also furnished occasion for a very pretty difference of opinion between the members of the Board of Revenue and the Director of Agriculture, as to the exact uses of the survey and its cost, in which the latter gentleman has decidedly the best of the controversy; and it leads irresistibly to the conclusion that a remedy must be found. That there should be aversion to the proposed remedy in its extended form; that powerful arguments against it can be based on the late period of its introduction in a province which we have governed for a century; that the inhabitants of Bengal and Behar like litigation and have been accustomed to settle their disputes by legal action, and that justice is now accessible, equitably administered, and reasonably cheap; that neither Zamindar nor English planter nor down-trodden peasant has suggested such a thing as a survey; that the difficulties of carrying it out have been underrated and that the cost will be heavy; all this is perfectly true, and it has been industriously repeated on platforms and in the vernacular and English press. A more forcible argument than the above might be deduced from the obvious necessity of keeping up the record when you have made your survey; and of not allowing the precious details of 1893 to become absolutely valueless before the

close of the century. There is much in this last objection, but the Bengal Government propose to meet it, not by the re-establishment of a set of village officials known as Patwaries, but by the training up of a cheap indigenous agency taken from the villagers themselves. At first the men employed on the experimental Muzaffarpore Survey were illiterate, thick-headed fellows from the North-West Provinces, who hardly knew the use of a chain and a measuring rod, who had never compiled a record, and who had been sent to try their prentice hands in the jungles of Burma. It is also admitted that one attempt to train Ryots for these objects had been made by an Englishman and had failed. We notice that Sir C. Elliot, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at present at home on furlough, is fully alive to the active opposition as well as to the sloth and apathy which he will have to encounter in his reform. The Behar landholders are safe to oppose; the Englishmen holding lands and leases of villages necessary for the manufacture of indigo will not be unanimous in favour of the measure; and of the Ryots, some will fear that they may be found to hold more land than their title-deeds cover, while the majority will be silent, indifferent, and "icily null." The estimated cost of the measure on an extended scale is staggering. There has been a vast amount of information, as well as of guess-work, on this head. It would take eight lacs of rupees to survey one district in the province. The cost of the survey of North and South Behar, by which we understand some eight districts inhabited by more than twenty millions of inhabitants, is set down at seventy-five lacs of rupees. If the rupee were worth two shillings, this would mean three-quarters of a million. It is at present in contemplation to employ a survey party for North Behar only, for five years or so, at a cost of forty lacs. On a review of the correspondence, we are driven to the conclusion that a survey for the whole province is the only measure that can save the Ryot, and possibly prevent, at some not very remote period, an outburst of suppressed discontent injurious to the landholders and discreditable to the Government. But we are not at all satisfied with the apportionment of the cost. It seems generally agreed that the survey cannot be carried out for less than eight annas—or, roundly speaking, a shilling—an acre. Of this it is gravely proposed that one-eighth only should be borne by the Government, and the remaining seven-eighths by the Zamindars and the Ryots in equal proportions. None of the reasons for this close-fistedness appears to us at all satisfactory or conclusive. The credit and efficiency of the Government are at stake. The survey has been forced on the community by the voice of authority, and was not demanded by either Raja, Kayast, or Ahir. That it has been delayed in an old and settled province enhances the obligation of Government to discharge its duty, and to bear the expense. One half of the cost is the very least which the Indian Exchequer should contribute, and we see that the late Secretary of State, Lord Cross, has left himself a loophole on this very point. But on the solid merits of the question the official view cannot be disregarded.

Fortunately, while this paper is passing through the press, we learn from the official Calcutta Gazette of the 16th of August that, at a conference recently held at Muzaffarpore, the views of the Bengal Government have been more favourably received by the representatives of the planters and the Zamindars. The survey is to proceed, and the record is to be kept up by agents termed *Kanungoes*, nominated, paid by, and responsible to Government. Further agitation in or out of Parliament should now cease.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

"AN excellent programme—no tiresome novelties." Thus was an intelligent amateur overheard to express himself on the eve of the Festival, and the criticism involved in his remark is fully warranted by the way in which some Festival Committees have in recent times surfeited their audiences and exhausted their choirs with a glut of brand-new compositions, written specially for the occasion. When all is said and done, our musical Festivals are held for the benefit of the general public, and not for the delectation of the esoteric few who have "got beyond" Handel and are irritated by Mendelssohn. The Worcester programme may be described as a highly

judicious compromise, the tastes of the majority being duly consulted by the choice of the most popular oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn—the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, the *Elijah*, and the *Hymn of Praise*—while the inclusion of Bach's Mass in B minor and Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* furnished evidence of a desire to conciliate the more highly educated minority. But, although the works composed expressly for the Festival were confined to two, there was no lack of novel features in the Festival itself. To begin with, there was a new conductor, Mr. Hugh Blair, who for some years has acted as deputy to Mr. Done, the venerable organist of the Cathedral. Three years ago the conductorship was most efficiently discharged by Mr. Lee Williams, of Gloucester; but on this occasion it was decided to entrust the responsibility to Mr. Blair, and, when due allowance is made for his inexperience in handling an orchestra and his obvious unfamiliarity with some of the instrumental masterpieces given in the Cathedral and the Public Hall, he may be said to have justified the experiment, if only by the really splendid performance which he secured of Brahms's *Requiem*. He has a clear and decided beat, the effect of which will be much enhanced when he can afford to look up more frequently from his score, and give the cues with greater confidence. His rendering of Beethoven's Symphony in A in the Cathedral on Tuesday night was deplorably tame, the last movement being reduced to the level of a "blameless dance," instead of a gipsy revel. On the other hand, he secured a decidedly effective interpretation of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony—a work far better suited for performance in the Cathedral—in the Public Hall on Wednesday evening, and entered into the spirit of Dvořák's Slavonic Dances with obvious sympathy. But we can almost forgive Mr. Blair for Bowdlerizing Beethoven, in view of the wholly admirable performance of Brahms's *Requiem* given under his direction on Thursday night—a performance superior at all points to that conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan at Leeds in 1889. Mr. Blair did very well in Bach's great Mass, and was sound and satisfactory in his reading of the other classics. His performance at the Miscellaneous Concert proved that he has almost everything to learn in handling an orchestral accompaniment in secular or operatic pieces; but that he will learn—given the opportunity—his modesty and capacity for taking pains afford the best possible guarantee. Besides the new conductor there was a new leader—new at least so far as a Three-Choir Festival is concerned—in Mr. Burnett. Only those who attended the rehearsals can adequately estimate the share which this genial and accomplished violinist contributed to the artistic success of the Festival. His zeal and patience were inexhaustible. An orchestra in great measure takes its tone from its leader. Certainly Mr. Burnett's example on Monday week proved contagious, for not a complaint was heard even at the close of eight hours' nearly continuous grind. Throughout the Festival the splendid vigour displayed by the strings was obviously inspired by their leader, who, moreover, played the *obbligato* accompaniments in the Mass like a scholar and disciple of Joachim.

Another new departure in connexion with the Festival which calls for commendation was the elimination of the chorus from the Miscellaneous Concert. They well deserved the rest, their room was doubtless far more welcome to the orchestra than their company on so small a platform, and an opportunity was thus created for giving further prominence to the purely instrumental element. Dvořák's fascinating Slavonic Dances, Sullivan's charming *Tempest* music, and Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony were immensely appreciated by the audience, while space was found for the inclusion of two real novelties, one of which had been written for the Festival, while the other was stated to have been introduced "by desire"; but the mystery involved in this convenient phrase it is not our intention to penetrate. The work in question proved to be a Symphonic Poem entitled *Gretchen im Dom*, by the late Herr C. A. Fischer, who died at the age of 64 last Christmas, and was reputed by Liszt to be the first organist of his time. A very injudicious puff of Herr Fischer, printed in the programme book, raised hopes doomed to speedy extinction by the performance of his wearisome work, the prevailing characteristic of which is a flabby Teutonic sentimentality. It does not even conform in structure to the definition of a Symphonic Poem as given by Liszt, the creator of the form, while the part for organ is singularly unimpressive. Altogether the piece was bad enough to lend a handle

to those extremely patriotic musicians amongst us who would deny a hearing to all contemporary foreign composers. Of the poignant emotions associated with the Cathedral scene not a vestige could be discerned in the music, which was, in good truth, neither more nor less suggestive of Mephistopheles at Margate, or anybody anywhere. In strong and welcome contrast to the meandering effusiveness of the Symphonic Poem was the virile passion of Dr. Hubert Parry's fine Overture "To an Unwritten Tragedy," a work powerfully conceived and coherently carried out; a work, in fine, which impresses on a first hearing, and inspires one with a keen desire to hear it again. At the same concert Mr. Lloyd gave the *Preislied*—ingeniously converted in a contemporary to the *Priestlied*—with his customary effect; while Mrs. Hutchinson scored a brilliant success in the Ballatella from Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*.

At Gloucester, last year, Mr. Lee Williams retained the services of a hundred singers from Bristol, and dispensed with the Yorkshire contingent. The experiment proved so successful that the return to the former method naturally provoked hostile comment. It may, however, be readily conceded that without the Leeds singers so ambitious a programme as that of this year's Festival could not have been satisfactorily executed, unless double the number of rehearsals had been held. The difficulties of Bach's Mass in B minor and Brahms's *Requiem* are immense, and the presence of a hundred singers familiar with both works was of the greatest assistance. In both cases excellent performances were secured, that of the *Requiem* being, as already noticed, singularly fine. Alongside of these immortal masterpieces, it is matter for congratulation that Dr. Parry's *Job* held its own. This really noble work has been subjected to the test of repetition, and emerges with triumph from the ordeal. Make whatever allowance one will for the splendour of the text, the impressive surroundings, the excellence of the performance in general, and the superb singing of Mr. Plunket Greene in particular, the inherent beauty, dignity, and force of the music are incontestable, and are enhanced rather than diminished by familiarity. The serene and placid ending, after the wonderful chorus—or rather chain of choruses—employed as the musical vehicle to the answer to Job from the whirlwind, has proved a stumbling-block to some hearers who would have preferred a more dramatic close; but, for ourselves, we are quite reconciled to what has been happily styled an apotheosis of the anti-climax. Mr. Edward Lloyd was much missed in the rôle of Satan, which he sang so brilliantly last year, though Mr. Edwin Houghton proved a most praiseworthy representative of the part, and the charming Shepherd-boy's Song was much less effectively sung than at the first production of the work. On the other hand, the choir and orchestra showed a marked improvement; while Mr. Plunket Greene's rendering of the "lamentations" moved and affected the audience even more deeply than at Gloucester.

Satisfactory from the point of view of attendances and collections, the Worcester Festival of 1893 is especially worthy of commendation on its artistic and educational side. With the sole exception, perhaps, of Fischer's Symphonic Poem, the programme contained nothing but first-rate music, with a good deal of which the West-country amateurs now made acquaintance for the first time.

The principal artists, with hardly an exception, performed in a manner worthy of their reputations. Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr. Watkin Mills have never sung better; Mr. Lloyd was in admirable form; while Miss Jessie King, who made her *debut* at Gloucester last year, bids fair to develop into an excellent contralto singer. Mme. Albani's solos were as effective as ever, but in all the concerted pieces she seemed to be consumed with a desire to vindicate her supremacy by drowning her colleagues. It is unpleasant to have to speak thus of so superlative a singer, but the fault was too glaring, and too often repeated, to be passed over in silence.

ICELAND.

THE accounts which have just reached Europe from that most distressful island in the Arctic seas give us little reason to hope that anything can be done to remedy the woes of Iceland essentially. Like most of the remainder

of the world, that remote little country has enjoyed this year an almost unprecedented wealth of sunlight and heat. The brief Icelandic summer can have a rare beauty of its own, and that of 1893 has been enchanting. Steady drought in June, rains in July, and warm dry weather again in August, brought on the hay to great advantage, and the latest batch of letters speak of the harvest as unusually promising. Almost everywhere along the coasts the fisheries have been excellently successful.

It is plain therefore that, for once, Iceland has had a chance from the weather, which has of late years been its most cruel enemy. If a succession of good seasons like the present had occurred a dozen years ago, Iceland might have been saved. But especially since the political agitations of 1885, which disturbed and discouraged the population, things have been going materially from bad to worse. We are occasionally called upon to listen to jeremiads about Icelandic starvation from those whose sentiment for the Icelanders is more active than their information is exact, and the English public has become suspicious of cries of "Wolf!" But the present season, with its excellent weather and good supplies of food, has not shown any reaction against the draining away of the people. This summer no fewer than 600 persons emigrated to America, bringing the population below that limit of 70,000 to which it had already dwindled. The island now contains, it is believed, fewer inhabitants than it did in 1870, before the temporary rise in Icelandic prosperity. The emigrants are largely of the farm-labourer class, and there is a growing complaint that portions of the country are going out of cultivation because there is no one to work on the land.

Canada is beginning to attract the Icelanders to its northern provinces, and during the last six months three or four Canadian agents have been visiting every township in the island, preaching the attractions of the new country. The Government has even gone so far as to introduce a Bill proposing to discourage emigration, or in any case to put a stop to the propaganda of these Canadian agents; but it is doubtful whether this measure will pass the Althing, and nothing seems able to modify the distaste which the Icelander has formed for his venerable but arid acres. A speaker in the Althing the other day remarked that a Bill preventing Icelanders who were doing well in the West from writing to their friends at home would do a thousand times more service than an attempt to persecute touting colonial agents.

In June the Icelanders received their future King, who made himself popular and agreeable. But still more excitement was caused on the 10th of July by the appearance in the great western gulf of a fleet of four English men-of-war. Nothing like this display of marine arms has been witnessed in Icelandic waters since the days of the Vikings, and the sensation was immense. The ships lay off Reykjavik for nearly a fortnight, and the officers made the tour of what is to be seen at Thingvellir and the Geysers. Unluckily, the great geyser has been very sluggish this year, and it is believed that weather which is excellent for crops acts in a deplorable way upon this class of phenomena. It is by her extraordinary natural sights, and by the visitors drawn to see them, that Iceland must hope to live.

KAMÉLIANA.

IT has been our good fortune to come across a good many queer books in our Quartier Latin days, and in the course of our peregrinations. Thus we have wept tears of contrition over a Lithuanian tract entitled "The Rag for Wiping the Hardened Sinners' Jaws [*sic*];" we have meditated over its Polish companion under the title "Pistol to Kill the Mortal Sin with"; we have read a treatise proving that Dutch is the language spoken in Paradise; we have learnt that in symbolic heraldry the melon figures for true friendship, the water-melon for benignity and peace of mind, the pumpkin for human fragility, that mushrooms mean distrust and a man of study, &c.; we have seen a book described as "Practical Zoology for the use of Russian Peasants, illustrated with landscapes of beasts and other vegetables"; and when, next to the "landscape" of a pig, we read the following—"Pig: an animal called so justly on account of his uncleanness"—we thought our experience in this line had reached its limits. Yet the manuscript we have before us at this moment knocks simply all the above into

the middle of next year, as they say in sporting papers. Written by an anonymous author in Paris en l'an de grâce 1678, it covers only ninety-two pages, title not included; but what pages, what a title! "Kaméliana," says the first line; "ou le traicté du Chamel," explains the second. In this guise the reader knows at once that the subject of the treatise does not deal with the cultivation of camelias, and that there should be neither misunderstanding nor any undue surprise during the perusal of the *traicté*, the author with delicate attention thus amplifies the title:—

'Kaméliana ou le traicté du Chamel, De ses différentes espèces, de son origine, nature, mœurs et habitudes, des pays qu'il habite, savoir l'Arabie, la Syrie, l'Anatolie, la Crimée, et les territoires des Baskires, des Kyrguises, des Persans, des Aphgans, et des Mongols, le Gouccerrate, l'Egypte, et les pays des Abissins, des Sarrazins, des Tunisiens, et le Grand Désert de l'Afrique jusqu'à la ligne équatoriale, et une portion de l'Empire des Turcs dans la péninsule de Sallonique;

Ouvrage destiné aux gens d'estude et composé à l'aide des meilleurs écrivains religieux et prophanes anciens et modernes; Contenant:

1. L'Histoire naturelle des Chameaux.
2. L'Histoire militaire, avec des remarques singulières sur la princesse Sémiramis, sur Cyrus, Xerxes, Antiochus, Mithridate, et tous les guerriers qui se servirent desdicts Chameaux dans les batailles, y compris les Partes d'Asie et les Sarrazins au temps des Croizades.
3. Les faits et gestes des Chameaux à deux bosses et à une bosse, dits Dromadaires, dans les jeux du Cirque à Rome sous le règne des Césars Claude, Néron et Héliogabale, lequel en faisait servir à sa table les talons;
4. Les Aventures plaisantes du Chamel de Mahomet législateur des Turcs et faux prophète et de la Chamèle de Saleh; où l'on verra ces deux chameaux entrer dans le paradis de ces Infidèles, car c'est bien leur place de vivre parmi des animaux en l'autre monde, ayant en celui-ci vécu comme des bestes brutes;
5. Un Extrait des traictés de Numismatique, avec la description exacte de toutes les Monnoies et Médailles d'Arabie et des peuples alliés, où se trouve ladicte figure du Chamel.

Suivi de:

6. L'Iconologie, ou science des images et allégories, qui donne le chamel pour attribut à l'Asie, première partie du monde et berceau du genre humain;
 7. Les Symboles des Chameaux, qui représentent des emblemes la patience, la discrétion, la prudence et autres qualitez et vertus chrestiennes et civiles;
 8. Le Blazon, à commencer de Sire Jean du Mez qui portoit une teste de Chamel en Cimier de ses armes, en l'année 1404, jusques à nos jours.
- Avec un supplément Armorial de tous les escus qui ont des Chameaux.
- Augmenté de questions, Maximes et Sentences Arabes, espagnoles et autres qui concernent le Chamel;
- Confirmé par grand nombre de Chartres et Citations authentiques, et par une infinité d'Arrests intervenus en ceste matière. Et précédé d'un projet d'un Esei [*sic*] d'introduire lesdicts Chameaux en France pour l'utilité publique et privée.'

After such a title, the contents of the treatise are of little moment, and, as a matter of fact, whatever advantage the "gens d'estude" (for whose benefit the whole has been devised) have not derived from the perusal of the title, they are not likely to enjoy in pages that follow. But what a world of suggestions in the title alone! If we stop only at the final paragraph we see that already, in 1678, a thinker's mind has been directed to the necessity of *Chameaux* in France, for the public and the private good *s. v. p.*; probably even the whole treatise has been conceived with this end in view. Thus only can we account for the touching reference to the "morals" of the *chamel*, and such grave sources of information as "religious and profane writers"; for the shrewdness in associating the Ship of the Desert with Césars, princes, warriors, a prophet, heraldry, law, paleontology, philosophy, &c., so as to adroitly awaken an all-round flattering interest; whilst for the humorist and the amateur of the human document there are the "amusing adventures of the *chamel* of Mahomet," and the "peculiar remarks on Princess Semiramis." Whatever the aims of the anonymous author, they have been realized beyond his wildest hopes; Paris, if not France, swarms with *Chameaux* to-day, and there is nothing to prove that it is not so for the public or private good. To complete a work begun so well, one might fill up one or two gaps in the treatise by adding, for instance, after No. 1, an *Esei* on the *Histoire surnaturelle des Chameaux*; No. 8 might be also improved, inasmuch as only nine coats of arms are mentioned therein, to the detriment of such arms as those of Borromée and d'Hæck, of

Gailhard en Dauphiné, of Gardaner in Silesia and Seeau in Austria, which all boast camels of the finest tinctures; last, not least, a *Traicté du Chamel Fin-de-siècle* might prove a worthy pendant to its 215 years old predecessor.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE reduction of their rate of discount by the Directors of the Bank of England last week had become a necessity. It was an utter anomaly to try to charge 5 per cent. when bills were being freely discounted in the open market at half that rate. But the Bank after the change was just as completely out of business as it had been before, for rates in the open market immediately fell further. Consequently another reduction, to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., became inevitable on Thursday. But, as the open market rate is only about 2 per cent., the Bank is still high and dry. The City just now is in one of those contradictory moods which sometimes pass over it—half optimist and half despondent; optimist inasmuch as it thinks that nothing will occur to disturb the even tenor of its way, and despondent inasmuch as it recognizes that trade is very bad, and is likely to continue so for some time. Therefore, it insists that the value of money will be very low all through the autumn, and that there is nothing likely to happen to make it necessary to observe caution. The one danger that existed was, that there would be a great crash in the United States, and that it would become absolutely necessary to continue withdrawing gold from the Bank of England. That danger, the City believes, is now completely over. No more gold will be taken; and although, of course, there will be the usual requirements of the autumn, these can easily be met out of existing supplies, while further large supplies will come from Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere. Besides, it is argued that the French Government is about to undertake the conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents, and therefore that the Bank of France will do everything in its power to keep the whole of the European money markets easy. The City may be right in all this, of course. No doubt it is usual for money to become scarce and dear in the autumn; but there are exceptions to every rule, and we may be about to see an exception to this rule during the next two or three months. For our own part, however, we do not believe it; at all events, we think there are so many dangers ahead that the course pursued by the City just now is not prudent. Unquestionably there has been a very great improvement in the United States. But the fact remains, for all that, that Congress met upon the 7th of August, and that we are now within a week of the end of September, and the Senate has not yet repealed the Sherman Act; nor, for that matter, is there any appearance of its doing so very soon. The Senate, everybody says, will have to give way, and we ourselves admit that that is very likely. Still, the Senate has not given way up to the present. And suppose it should prove more obstinate than any one thinks, what would happen then? Would there be no return of distrust in the United States? And is it not just possible that there may be further withdrawals of gold? Even if the Senate does give way, and there are no further withdrawals, there are many serious difficulties; especially there is a long and painful liquidation of bad business. Is it not just possible that after such a crash there may be some serious failures? And if there are, is the City quite justified in taking so hopeful a view—that nothing will occur to require caution? Lastly, the United States Treasury has not a single dollar of gold which, according to the law, it is free to use as it pleases. Yet the United States Treasury is the keeper of the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country, and in ordinary times hitherto it has thought it its duty to keep a very large amount of gold. Is it not possible that President Cleveland may be only waiting for the final repeal of the Sherman Act to borrow gold? The City may be right, and we may be quite wrong in anticipating any further difficulties in the United States. But would it not be at least prudent to take precautions lest the dangers should arise? Lastly, it is a matter of notoriety that the Italian Government has quite recently been trying to borrow, not only in London, but also in France and Germany, and that it has not succeeded. Suppose it does succeed, is it not possible that one result of a considerable Italian loan may be a large withdrawal of gold from the

Bank of England? Altogether, then, the eagerness with which bankers and billbrokers just now are competing with one another for bills appears to us not a little rash. Everything may go smoothly. But we have seen twice already this year sudden dangers confronting the City, and the Bank rate in consequence run up from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. within a month. What has happened twice may happen again, and at all events it would seem to be the part of wisdom to bear in mind that there are dangers ahead, and to make provision against them.

As stated above, the Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Apparently there was a difference of opinion as to whether any change ought to be made, resulting in a compromise. If the Directors felt that it was useless to struggle against the tendency towards cheaper money, it would seem a wiser policy to have put down the rate at once to 3 per cent. On Wednesday evening the rate in the open market was little if at all better than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bills, therefore, could be discounted in the open market at nearly half the rate charged by the Bank. That was an abnormal and unjustifiable state of things. The wiser course would have been for the Bank to try and make money dearer in the open market. As it did not do so, however, one would think it more judicious to have gone down to 3 per cent., for the Bank is still about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the open market, and therefore as completely deprived of business as it was before. The danger, of course, is that there will be a further sharp fall in the open market, and that then gold withdrawals upon a considerable scale will begin. During the next couple of months there will, according to all ordinary experience, be a considerable reduction in the reserve; and, if large gold withdrawals are added, we may have at the end of next month, or early in November, another money scare.

The India Council again offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and only succeeded in selling about one-third of a lakh at 18. $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee. The Council has been so unsuccessful in its sales since the closing of the mints that it is now obliged to borrow in sterling to meet its engagements. Of course we are approaching the time when the exports of commodities from India ought to be large, and when, therefore, it may reasonably be expected the Council will be able to sell very freely and at good prices. But that it will be able to sell enough within the present year to realize the 18½ millions sterling required, according to the Budget, seems very improbable. The shipments of silver to India continue on an extraordinarily large scale, which adds greatly to the Council's difficulties. So good, indeed, is the demand for silver for all parts of the Far East that the price continues to fluctuate about 34½d. per ounce, although every day the public is looking for the repeal of the Sherman Act by the United States Senate.

Business upon the Stock Exchange has almost come to a standstill once more. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that speculation should be stimulated by the vote of the House of Representatives on the Sherman Act; but the public wisely did not allow itself to be deceived by the sanguine hopes then held out, and, as the public has not bought largely, the speculators soon came to the end of their resources. Besides, as we point out above, there are many serious dangers still to be confronted in the United States, while trade is greatly depressed owing to the crisis, and credit is not likely to revive for a considerable time to come. At home the long-continued coal strike is warning all prudent men that it is not a time for reckless speculation. The Italian Finance Minister has recently been trying to borrow, but has not been successful, and that of course has made a very bad impression. Italian Rentes have fallen very heavily during the past few weeks. Owing to all this, and the uncertainty respecting Spain, the Continental Bourses have been very quiet. Brazilian stocks have not fallen as much as might reasonably have been expected. Although Rio is being bombarded, very little is known in the City of what is going on. There has been surprisingly little alarm amongst holders of Brazilian securities, and the market, therefore, has remained wonderfully steady. Very disquieting news, too, has been received during the week in the City from Argentina.

Nevertheless, there was some recovery in Argentine securities on Wednesday, as Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. received an official telegram, according to which the agreement entered into with the Rothschild Committee for a

definitive settlement of the foreign debt not having been yet approved by Congress, the arrangement come to immediately after the Baring collapse will continue to be carried out. In spite of the strike, the Home Railway market is well supported. But Australian Government securities are out of favour, as it is believed that most of the Governments will immediately attempt to borrow large sums. There is no doubt at all that they want money, and there is no evidence that they are cutting down expenditure as they ought to do. There are rumours also that negotiations are going on among some of the re-organized banks for amalgamation. Undoubtedly, that would be the right course to adopt. Australasia is over-banked; the competition between the banks is too severe, and it leads them into bad business. If the number of banks was reduced by one half, not only would there be a great saving in staffs, branches, and the like, but there would be a much more important lessening of competition, and, therefore, it would be possible to conduct business far more safely than hitherto.

The Australian Colonial Government bonds have fallen sharply during the week in consequence of reports that the Governments are all preparing to raise large loans in this market. New South Wales Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 90½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Queensland Three and a Half closed at 86, a fall of 1½; and Victoria Three and a Half closed at 87, also a fall of 1½. With the exception of Caledonian Undivided, which shows a fall for the week of ¾, closing on Thursday at 115½, there has been a very general rise in Home Railway Ordinary stocks. North Staffordshire has advanced most. It closed on Thursday at 125, a rise of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday; Midland comes next, closing on Thursday at 151, a rise of 1½; North-Eastern next, closing at 154½, a rise of ¾; North-Western shows a rise of ½, closing on Thursday at 164. The American market has been very stagnant throughout the week, and most of the changes are downwards. The greatest fall has been in Louisville and Nashville shares. They have been sold in very large quantities, both in London and in New York. There are various rumours adverse to the Company, but it is difficult to get at anything definite or certain. Of course it is to be borne in mind that it is a Southern line, and that the South just now is very depressed, the cotton crop being bad. The shares closed on Thursday at 54½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 76, a fall of 2; and Lake Shore shares closed at 125½, a fall of 1. Owing to the belief that the bombardment of Rio will lead to a restoration, Brazilian stocks have again been wonderfully well maintained. The Four and a Half of 1888 closed on Thursday at 65, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of no more than 1½. Argentine Fives of 1886 fell exactly as much, closing on Thursday at 61½, and so did the Funding Loan, which closed at 65. Greeks of 1881 closed at 37½, a fall of 2; and Russian Fours closed at 99½, a fall of 1.

THE THEATRES.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES in his previous works has played such fantastic tricks with the nineteenth century that curiosity as to what he would do with the fourteenth was at least permissible. His boldness in attacking such a period, with what has always seemed to be his essentially and exclusively modern equipment, is remarkable if not necessarily commendable, and his courage would appear to assume the proportions of rashness when he ventures to add to his difficulties by adopting the Author of Evil as his principal character. From one point of view, however, though a very low one, it is true, he may be said to have materially lightened his labours by invoking the help of a practically omnipotent being; but such an advantage could only be gained by a serious sacrifice of dramatic, as distinguished from merely theatrical, effectiveness. We will put aside for the moment the question how far the Devil may be introduced into a play to be performed before an audience of mixed beliefs and unbeliefs. There must always be danger of offence; but, as a rule, the success of the handling of such a subject will be the measure of its justification or condemnation. Clearly it is a feat not to be idly attempted by a prentice hand. In *The Tempter*

Mr. Jones has not challenged defeat on the heroic method. The influence of his Satanic hero is paramount, and generally instantaneous. Even where, for form's sake, resistance is offered to his insidious wiles, his specious reasonings (for he is a very shallow Devil) convince at once, so that we lose any faith we may have in the intelligence of his victims. This is the case in his persuading alike of Leon and Isobel, and this use or abuse of his supernatural power destroys, or at least lowers, our sense of the conflict of will and emotion, and materially reduces the level of the play as a dramatic work. In point of fact, instead of being a new Satanic creation, obviously a task requiring the hand of such a master as Mr. Jones has not yet proved himself to be, he is, notwithstanding some turgid ravings in the 'Ercles vein, a mere conventional theatrical figure, a view to which Mr. Tree must have meant to give a subtly-signified assent in his by-play, with the indication of a tail and the tinsel decoration of the eyelids. He is only mean and unpleasant where he should be terrible in his very fascination. He is, in fact, a very weak monster. The story used here might have been treated simply without the intervention of a material Devil at all, and in skilful hands have proved amply sufficient for dramatic purposes; but if the diabolical element must be introduced, two things are necessary—first, as we have already said, a master hand, that of a scholar and a poet as well as of a dramatist, and some strongly-marked counter-acting—that is to say, Divine—influence. The Devil against poor unaided humanity is too one-sided a game to afford good sport. So much for Mr. Jones's central idea. As to its execution, we are reluctant, in view of the pains and intelligence which the author has brought to bear upon his work, to say that where it ceases to be commonplace it fails to become impressive, or that where attempts are made at the expression of demoniacal fury, the result is too often a mere riot of words with a maximum of violence and a minimum of coherent meaning. Passages there are which lead us to believe that, if Mr. Jones had been content to depend more upon his own resources, the play might have been stronger and more effective as well as more original. Goethe, of course, was present in his mind; and it is impossible to see the second act without being reminded of the confession of Prince Henry by Lucifer, and the turmoil created by the same arch mischief-maker among the Friars, in *The Golden Legend*. Says Lucifer:—

To-day I come for another reason;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,
And to make a murderer out of a prince.

Put Isobel in the place of the Prince and the situation is repeated. We do not grudge Mr. Jones any benefit he may derive from material thus acquired; but we would warn him against placing himself in positions where inevitable comparison cannot be to his advantage. But these are not his only nor, indeed, his most flagrant borrowings. We do not propose now to deal with the quality of his very passable but irregular verse, as the book will shortly be published, but we must point out that these plagiarisms are something more—they are also anachronisms. It is an argument merely *pour rire* to urge that the power of prophecy which the Evil One may possess affords a justification for putting into his mouth quotations and, worse, perversions of authors, notably Shakspeare and Pope, who did not flourish till centuries after the period of the play. We have no right to suspect that Mr. Jones will adopt any such defence. Some, at least, of the dialogue is of the present century, notably the once repeated use of the word "superior" applied to Drogo and Sarah respectively, and of the idiomatic phrase "in a corner." The reference to "bedlam-mad" is scarcely permissible, since the old Bethlehem Hospital in Moorfields was not known to be used as a hospital till 1403, and its name would not have come into general use in that connexion till long afterwards.

Mr. Tree plays his part with a keen perception of its theatrical possibilities, and some regard to its limitations. There is nothing of the fallen god about this rendering, however, the author having made the character scarcely even the fallen gentleman he claims to be; and, although there are several blood-curdling and enigmatical speeches put into the Devil's mouth, the actor is too open to the reproach "*Je n'ai pas été satisfait de votre rire: c'était un rire d'espiègle, tout au plus.*" Mr. Tree is perhaps as clever as Henrich in Gautier's story. He is certainly as limited.

The characters of Avis and Isobel are skilfully contrasted by the author, and his conception is carried into execution very ably by Mrs. Tree as the "white-souled" Avis, and by Miss Julia Neilson as the passion-swayed Isobel. In the artificial dream recitation following Avis's touching display of sorrow at the supposed death of Leon, Mrs. Tree was most effective, from an elocutionary point of view, but her chief excellence lay in her quiet, unobtrusive interpretation of a pretty girlish character. Miss Neilson's performance was necessarily a more uniformly powerful one, and, save for a tendency to overact at times, she gave admirable expression alike to the amorous, wrathful, and repentant moods of Isobel. Mr. Fred Terry was a strikingly romantic and loverlike Leon; Mr. Fred Everill, a dignified and fatherly Urban; and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, an engaging and piquante ladies'-maid. Appropriate music—some pretty and some weird in character—has been written for the production by Mr. Edward German.

The reopening of Daly's Theatre on Tuesday night with *Dollars and Sense* can hardly be considered in the light of the real beginning of the American company's season, which event is to take place on Tuesday week, October 3rd, on the important occasion of the first production in England (except, of course, the original performance for copyright purposes, at the Lyceum) of Lord Tennyson's pastoral play *The Foresters*. *Dollars and Sense*, fitly described as an eccentric comedy, is not quite new to this country, having been played by the Daly Company at Toole's Theatre in 1884. It is an adaptation by Mr. Augustin Daly from a German original, a class of work in which Mr. Daly's proficiency in fitting the members of his company with parts suited to their respective powers has met with frequent illustration. The story of temporary marital indifference, not to say of wavering loyalty, and the device by which domestic happiness is restored, form a sufficiently interesting groundwork for the play, the lighter attraction being found in the Beatrice and Benedict courtship of Phronie and Latimer. In Phronie, Miss Ada Rehan is provided with a part of a kind in which she is well known to English playgoers, that of a wayward, whimsical girl, whose coquettish graces cover a strong, womanly disposition, and whose occasional hoydenish freaks are compensated for as they are contrasted with a finally evident vein of pretty sentiment. The incident of the drenching and the dressing-gown and the uproarious merriment of the "Jenny O'Jones" passage may not be very high comedy, but they serve effectively to display Miss Rehan's powers in a light in which her admirers like to see them. Those excellent comedians, Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis, as the strong-minded, soft-hearted Saphira Lamb and her husband with yearnings for the study of "human nature" under suspicious circumstances, played with an appreciation of the humorous requirements of their respective parts not easily to be overpraised. Mr. George Clarke did justice to the ungrateful character of Jack Hemmarsly, a rôle hardly within the line with which we generally associate him; that Mr. Charles Leclercq failed to make much of the transparent low-comedy impostor Briggs is to be attributed to the deficiencies of the part rather than to its exponent. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as Latimer, played with a lightness and dash which belonged less to the part than to his skilful treatment of it. The ladies of the company were efficient.

PANTING BUT PRUDENT.

["From personal acquaintance with Hull, he could say the Radicals there were simply panting for the fray against the House of Landlords."—*Speech at the National Liberal Federation Meeting.*]

NO! Really, Mr. Maddison? How good of you to cull Such an interesting detail from the inner life of Hull!

And so your local knowledge, sir, enables you to say That the Radicals of Hull are "simply panting for the fray"?

One would like to watch them doing it; 'tis seldom that one sees

Any party pant in circumstances quite so strange as these. And the mind, unaided by the eye, the notion hardly grasps

Of a masterly inaction that proclaims itself in gasps.

I have seen a bull-dog panting to attack a rival tyke,
And have noticed what the conduct of the animal was like;
And, from all that I can recollect of that enraged bow-wow,
He didn't in the least behave as you're behaving now.

He tugged against his collar with a suffocating strain,
And when his master dear unhooked the swivel of his chain,

The attitude he took up his antagonist towards,
Well—'twas *not* like the Gladstonian's before the House of Lords.

He didn't bark defiant, "I repudiate outright
Your impertinent pretension to compel this dog to fight.
'Twere a precedent most mischievous for future wars canine,
And shall never have the countenance of any act of mine.

"You must, of course, be well aware, that if we came to blows,
I could rend, or mend, or end you in a moment, if I chose.

No dog has ever lived than I more powerful and bold,
But—I think I'll wait another year to get a better hold."

Yet, if 'tis thus Gladstonians fight—and, plainlier every day

We see that such, in fact, is their conception of a "fray"—
Must we suppose their local life so singularly dull
That this can be the sort of thing for which they "pant"
at Hull?

In any case one sees not why such bouncing bombardiers
Who boast their wish to "drink delight of battle with the Peers,"

Should take such very modest swigs; and, more, I cannot think

Why the "delight" itself should be so strict a "temperance" drink.

They have got big drums and banners, I presume, at their command,

The town of Hull must surely boast at least of one brass band;

Can they pack no "indignation meetings," tolerably large?
Can they hire no "mounted farriers" at a reasonable charge?

With all these weapons for the fray from which they thus abstain,

So (comparatively speaking) cheap and easy to obtain,
From the bunting of the banners to the agitator's rant—
Upon my word, it really seems a pity they should pant.

Still, if they mean to keep it up until the armies meet,
And gasp from now till '94, 'twill be a "record" feat,
And a spectacle so novel at a time so dull as this—
Well, it's one, in my opinion, that the public shouldn't miss.

Then why not, Mr. Maddison, since times, I say, are dull,
Try to organize excursions to the thriving town of Hull?
You might take relays of tourists there to spend a happy day,

And to see the local Radicals all "panting for the fray."

REVIEWS.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

THE second volume of Pepys's *Diary*, as now republished by Mr. Wheatley, is one of the less interesting portions—if "less" can be used of that which is always interesting—of the book. We are inclined to think, speaking under correction, that it contains hardly any of the more famous passages except those on the Coronation and on the notable dispute between the Spanish and French Ambassadors. The period which it covers (from the beginning of April 1661 to the end of December 1662) was a comparatively quiet season with Samuel. The great revolutions of the earlier volume, when he was suddenly changed from a penniless and rashly married under-clerk to a patented officer of high standing and no small chances of regular and irregular

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons.

emolument, are over. He has, indeed, "felt his feet" in "the Office," and during almost the whole period he is occupied in enlarging and embellishing his official residence, which of itself makes a great deal of rather dull bricks-and-mortar detail, and exiles poor Mrs. Pepys more than once from home. But he is still in considerable dread of "the two Sir Williams" (Penn and Batten), is disturbed in his mind because of certain jars between Mrs. Pepys and their ladies, trembles lest Sir John Minnes (Mennis, Myyns, and half a dozen other things) may turn him out of the best part of the lodging he has so carefully arranged, and abases himself continually before the Coventrys and Carterets, though he begins to perceive with joy that he has a friend in "the Duke." Money matters, too, partly in consequence of the bricks and mortar, and partly of "my first wastecost," and other things, are not so much on the mounting hand as his thriftiness would like them to be. He feels, indeed, a flush of amazed thankfulness when he is "worth about 500*l*."; but this is for a long time a maximum, and he never gets much beyond it. The succession of his uncle in Cambridgeshire falls in, but brings for the moment rather trouble and Chancery suits than anything else.

This was also rather a virtuous time with him, and as the immoral, but fortunately unpublished, maxim-writer observes, "La vertu est une triste chose; car elle ne laisse point de souvenirs." Samuel took a large number of oaths during the period, and he seems to have found a sad pleasure in "reading over my oaths," which is not entirely reflected in his readers. He was to drink no wine, having, it must be confessed, grievously exceeded that way; he was never to go to the theatre without Mrs. Pepys; he was to mind the office, which, to do him justice, he did. Nor was it a great time for Mr. Samuel in the affairs of the heart. He had, indeed, on an official visit to Chatham the opportunity, which he thankfully took, of "kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often," the said Mrs. Rebecca being the very pretty daughter of a certain Captain Allen. He prolonged another official visit to Portsmouth for an unnecessary day, that he and a certain Dr. Clerke might junket with some agreeable persons. And "God forgive him" (to use his own inimitable language), he "had a mind to" Sir William's maid Betty, and his own maids, Susan and Jane, and "Griffith's girl," and divers others; but these minds remained minds only, and were not translated into deeds. We hear nothing more of Dinah, or Diana. "Gosnell," a companion of Mrs. Pepys, who felt lonely, engaged on the rather dangerous terms that she should sing and play with the master as well as companion the dame, stayed but a very short time, having apparently found the Pepyses not grand enough for her. On the other hand, Samuel himself was dreadfully jealous of Mrs. Pepys concerning a certain Captain Holmes and a certain Mr. Somerset.

The real and legitimate attractions of the book, however, are, as its old lovers know, all-pervading. The most humdrum, the most trivial, details are as delightful from this wonderful pen as the most important and the most scandalous. Who but Pepys would have thought of solemnly recording the first sirloin of beef "that ever I had of mine own buying since I was a house-keeper," and what a pity it would have been had he not, or if he had forgotten to record Mrs. Pepys being "in her new suit of black saracen and yellow petticoat, very pretty." And the "Portugal Millions," and the eighteen mince pies which Sir William Penn and his wife had in a dish on their wedding-day (they having been that number of years married), and many other things are delightful. Nor are the graver details less attractive. Pepys, as is well known, makes no secret of the fact that he was quite ready to take everything that could be honestly got out of his office. But it is at least equally clear that he was determined that neither himself nor any one else should cheat the King (for perquisites and "pots-of-wine" were not cheating in those days), that the King should have good measure for his money, and should not pay more money than he need for his measure. Nor did he spare labour on getting up the details of his work. He was delighted when he could get a model ship and some one to go over all the parts of it with him—a delight which we may set down, in justice perhaps, partly to mere curiosity, but, in charity and fairness, partly also to honest determination not to be hoodwinked by sailors and dockyard men. He was also unwearied in ransacking the office accounts to see whether this or that commodity had been got cheaper or had worn better; and, in fact, this volume alone would establish his reputation as an excellent public servant.

Let Mr. Wheatley, therefore, have thanks and praise for it. But we must own that we are no more reconciled than before to his plan of expurgating. If he is careful of our morals, why put in those details at which we have glanced above, and which are calculated to raise a blush on the cheek of the most hardened critic, by suggesting that the Clerk of the Acts of the Navy—a married man—"had a mind" to other persons besides his wife?

If he respects our taste and delicate susceptibilities, why does he give us many details about Mr. Pepys's health, and the health of other people, which are not in the least interesting or agreeable? No; let us assure Mr. Wheatley that the only thing to do with a complete edition of a classic is to make it complete. Let him print everything, turning what he is afraid of into a learned language, if he likes, sticking it into an appendix if he likes; but let us have no more, in a *soi-disant* complete edition, of these childish and irritating points and apocryphes.

SOME SHORT STORIES.

IN his two stories *The Broadmoor Patient* and *The Poor Clerk*, Mr. Frederick Wicks presents what he styles a psychological contrast, the contrast of the most cynical description of egotism and of the most sensitive honesty and diffidence. Perhaps the types drawn by Mr. Wicks in these stories—which, by the way, are designedly published together in one volume, and illustrated by the same artist—are somewhat extreme examples. The lines of development in both instances are carried as far as it was possible, in order to emphasize the accent of contrast, without departing from the conditions of the normal. Felix Carlston's egotism, though it involves him in crimes that eventually land him in Broadmoor Asylum, is by no means an uncommon form of egotism. Nor is the whole-hearted devotion to his duties which possesses the poor City clerk, John Browser, more uncommon in its way. In both these studies of character Mr. Wicks has drawn from life and reproduced nature with excellent fidelity. The story of the Poor Clerk, who suffers for his impregnable rectitude, is the more pleasing of the two, and decidedly not the less powerful. John Browser's simple faith in human nature, his cheery disposition, his kindness and child-like ignorance of the world, make up a charming picture, which recalls Tom Pinch more than occasionally, especially in the pathetic scenes where the Poor Clerk is presented to us in his humble home. But both stories are in all respects worthy of the author of *The Veiled Hand*, and are cleverly illustrated by Mr. A. Morrow.

Mr. James Payn's latest in-gathering from the magazines, *A Trying Patient*, and other tales, is a volume altogether good to read. It comprises some of the most artistic short stories that Mr. Payn has written—stories that cannot fail to charm by their vivacity, humour, and deftness of character-sketching. Almost all are good examples of the accomplished author's graceful style and skill in narrative. Many, indeed, are first-rate examples, and one of the collection—"The Changed Home"—is an exquisite illustration of quiet, unforced pathos, which takes the reader captive insensibly, as it were, by its unpremeditated art. Unpremeditated possibly it is not; but the effect produced is of that beguiling nature which is as irresistible as other sweet influences. In "Bellamy" and in "A Successful Experiment"—to name two examples of Mr. Payn's lighthearted dexterity—the slightest material conceivable is wrought to artistic ends with a completeness of effect and a facility of touch that reveal the resources of a master in fiction.

Mr. Emerson's history of the life and experiences of Signor Lippo, a "burnt-cork artiste," introduces the reader to a section of the artistic world that has been somewhat neglected by students of its mysteries. Signor Lippo is a young man of a boundless and furious ambition. His aspirations are keenly directed to shooting as a star from the base roadway and pavement of life to the heaven of operatic renown. To this end he joins a troop of "waxies"—a term of slang which denotes the Ethiopian serenaders, the bands of niggers, and such comic singers of the streets as blacken their faces and hands with a cunning mixture of burnt-cork cinder and water, applied as "a creamy consistency" till a fine polish results. Signor Lippo's experiences as one of the brotherhood of "waxies" are extremely varied and curiously interesting. His pictures of the vagrant life, its splendours and its miseries, in various parts of London, on the King's Road at Brighton, or on the tramp in the provinces, are singularly moving and uncommonly picturesque. Not since Albert Smith drew his capital pictures of life in a travelling circus and in a transpontine theatre have we met with anything so strange and so persuasive as Mr. Emerson's story of the unhappy Signor Lippo. Those cant terms that plentifully besprinkle the dialogue of

* *The Stories of The Broadmoor Patient and The Poor Clerk*. By Frederick Wicks. Illustrated by A. Morrow. London: Remington & Co. 1893.

A Trying Patient, &c. By James Payn. London: Chatto & Windus 1893.

Signor Lippo. By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

the book appear to belong to what must be called the slang of "waxies," for much of the speech attributed to them is certainly peculiarly individual and quite new to us. But it is blended also with the slang of other artistic callings to such an extent that the student of slang may be properly exercised in tracing terms to their rightful uses and their primal founts. Thus after a miserable day in the wet streets Lippo is hailed by his pal "Dukey" and invited to partake of a "hot rum" before starting "on the next drag." Dukey has just returned from one of his "regular padding-kens," where he had been "to sell the mungarly to some of the needies there for nova soldi." *Signor Lippo* is rich in the current argot of the tramp and the showman. It is an interesting story, too, apart from its curious pictures of the manners and customs of street "artistes."

IRIS-GROWING.*

THIS excellent little work is a reprint, with additions and modifications, of a lecture read before the Royal Horticultural Society on May 3, 1892. Addressing that audience Professor Foster adopted a practical tone. Doubtless there are authorities—German for the most part—who could discourse as learnedly as he upon the structure and the "life-history" of the iris. Possibly there are Englishmen not less enthusiastic nor less successful in the culture. But it is not venturesome to say that there is no man living so well qualified to deal with the subject in both points of view. It is rather funny to observe the Professor of Botany at Cambridge, the Secretary of the Royal Society, ranking himself among gardeners, and in that character accepting the reproach which scientific men sometimes throw upon their class. But Professor Foster does not compromise. "We gardeners," says he, "are regarded—and, indeed, justly regarded—by the botanists as being very loose in our use of the word 'bulb'; we often include among bulbs what ought to be called 'corms,' 'tubers,' or the like." Nevertheless this champion botanist, so to call him, persists in the error when he chooses to assume the rôle of gardener himself. He even goes so far as to include *Iris tuberosa* in his list, though, confessedly, it does not fall under the loosest definition, and some will not class it in the genus, pleading the merely human excuse of "certain affinities." Purists among Professor Foster's *confrères* have grounds for protest. But the public to whom he offers this ripe fruit of his knowledge and experience will be grateful.

The Iris family is very large, and very widely distributed. It has representatives in every country of the Temperate zone throughout the Old World, excepting South Africa, and it is not yet hopeless to expect some few rare examples from that region also. In fact, as our search extends, it seems possible that irises may be found within the Tropic. We draw very near the boundary line when Nepal, the hills of Upper Burmah, and the Punjab have yielded varieties of the charming *I. Nepalensis*. To name the habitats of the leading species one must survey the globe from Spain to the Great Wall of China, stopping there only because the lands beyond have not yet been duly explored; when Eastern Bokhara supplies the beautiful *I. Rosenbachii*, and Turkestan the graceful *I. orchioides*, assuredly there are treasures beyond. For we are not aware that this great family contains one member unworthy of the gardener's attention, leaving the botanist aside. No wonder that those who take up the cultivation of irises are fascinated by the pursuit. In more respects than one it resembles that which everybody recognizes as the orchid mania. Brought from lands so diverse in all the conditions of life, these plants require great diversities of treatment, whilst few if any of them will submit to be kept under glass the year round. By that means we escape like difficulties with the temperate orchids; but irises must have the open air during certain stages of their growth, which, in some instances, are just those most fatal to them in the English climate. A great number demand perfect dryness after flowering, which they can very rarely get, whilst they dislike to be taken up before growth is finished; others persist in starting at the season when plants should be going to rest here, and they find themselves nipped by frosts at the moment when they look for a balmy spring. In all such cases we have to do as best we can, and Professor Foster has written this treatise to tell the world what course he himself has found the best. It contains a vast deal of information besides. Science receives attention in the second part, which contains descriptions so exact that the class at least of any bulbous iris may be identified. But the main purpose is to instruct gardeners, especially amateurs, in the pleasant mystery of growing these plants. Some may lament

that the treatment of *I. Susiana* is not included, but that most striking species cannot be called bulbous by any interpretation of the word. Every class and many varieties are figured. Professor Foster has given us an invaluable handbook upon the culture of a most interesting family of plants.

THE UNITED STATES.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH modestly expresses a hope, in the first sentence of his preface, that his "outline of the political history of the United States may not be unwelcome" to such of his countrymen as may be employed in visiting America. We are sure that it will be welcome to many who have no intention of ever visiting these States. It will be found very good reading by all who can appreciate a nervous, clear sketch of political history. If the innumerable well-meaning gentlemen who turn out books of colossal proportions and of the most spongy consistency on the history of the United States could only be got to see what an intense relief this book is after their voluminous pages, they could not but repent and endeavour to amend. In three hundred and one octavo pages Mr. Goldwin Smith says well nigh everything which there is any necessity to say of the political history of the United States, and says it with the minimum of words, put in their proper places. His outline will do more than serve as an excellent introduction to more thorough study. It will give a reader who wishes to learn enough of a section of history which is written about out of all proportion to its intrinsic interest as much as there is any need to know.

The volume is full of the qualities which give Mr. Goldwin Smith's work its peculiar refreshing acidity. He has always been at once the admirer of democracy and its candid friend. The subject here affords him an unrivalled opportunity for the display of the candour of his friendship, of which he avails himself to the full. Once only do we find him falling into a certain kind of donnishness—and that is when, after noting how many soldiers of the American Civil War could "use the pen as well as the sword," he gratuitously adds that "Marlborough could not spell." This is a concession to a most trumpery modern form of conceited ignorance. Mr. Goldwin Smith knows very well that the seventeenth century cared very little for spelling, and that Marlborough not only wrote an excellent style, but could write good French. Of how many Confederate or Federal officers could as much be said? A few pages earlier Mr. Goldwin Smith makes the perfectly just observation that "the preference of mediocrity to distinction" is "the law of democracy." The absurd importance attributed in modern times to the only form of knowledge in which the blockhead is on an equality with the man of brains is one of the many proofs of the tenderness of the mediocre mass for mediocrity. But this drop into platitude stands by itself. Everywhere else in the book Mr. Goldwin Smith shows the most unmerciful, and also most unflinching, eye for the weaknesses of democratic men and democratic measures. No doubt there are occasional large assertions with which we cannot agree, but the antidote always follows quickly. Thus at the very beginning he expresses a regret that English colonization did not follow the Hellenic method in which the colonist "had gone forth to make his home in a new land, taking with him the sacred fire from the altar hearth of his native city, but free from any political tie." Yet his chapter on the colonial period proves that he is perfectly well aware of the fact that, if the Hellenic method had been applied in New England, the sacred fire from the altar-hearth of Puritanism would infallibly have been scattered most effectually by the sword of the French Canadian, directed by the French Jesuit. Indeed, Mr. Goldwin Smith's treatment of the colonial period is, in the main, critical. He has no besotted admiration for the leaders of the Rebellion. He notes the spots on the glorious memories of Patrick Henry, Adams, and Franklin with absolute candour. We have never seen what we believe to be the literal truth—namely, that the quarrel was as much the work of the colonies as of the mother-country—more completely and convincingly put. Indeed, after reading his excellent summary of the causes which led to the rebellion, we feel more convinced than ever that the separation was inevitable, and that by no management could it have been made friendly. The colonists would have been indignant if Dean Tucker's advice had been taken, and they had been told to go; while, if they stayed, they would neither contribute to their own defence, nor abstain from incessant jealous thin-skinned wrangling with the Royal Government. The sour, self-conscious

* *Bulbous Irises.* By Professor Michael Foster, Sec. R.S., F.R.H.S., &c. Printed for the Royal Horticultural Society.

* *The United States: an Outline of Political History.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

snobbery and uneasy assertion which distinguished the colonists (and of which observers have professed to discover some trace in their descendants) would have made continued union impossible in any case, and would have made them acridly savage if it had been possible to tell them to go in peace. They would only have hated the mother-country for its brutal insolence in kicking them out.

The account of American history since the establishment of its independence is marked by the same cool, hard-headed, and hard-hitting good sense. How Mr. Goldwin Smith contrives to be an admirer of democracy at large is more than we can understand. The mystery must be left unexplained, and in the meantime we can only enjoy and heartily agree with his criticism on the working of the thing. "With the good of the system," he says with the calm of Mephistopheles, "came its inevitable evil, the machinery of party and electioneering, demagogic arts and strategy, factions, passion and vituperation, the reign of the caucus and the boss, and where the foreign element, especially the Irish, prevailed, ballot-stuffing, repeating, rioting, and corruption." We can say no more. What the good of the system is we are to learn. It is really no answer that "Labour and lowly birth instead of being a disparagement were a boast, and a title to political preferment." We are not sure that Mr. Goldwin Smith intends it as an answer, for he sees as well as any man that in practice this has meant the choice of men to rule because they lived in log cabins, or had split rails, or could lift a beer barrel and drink out of the bung. He says, indeed, that "a nation which had been at school and which read paid a homage to intellect, perhaps greater than that which it paid to commercial success." Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote that with his mind's eye fixed on democracy as it ought to be. When he turns to democracy as it has been in the United States, his intellectual honesty compels him to note that it has habitually preferred mediocrity to distinction, that it has shown an absolute hatred of every kind of personal superiority except the soldier's, and that it has marked the path of labour and lowly birth to honour, by the way of the caucus and the boss, demagogic arts and strategy, faction, passion, and vituperation.

TWO BOOKS OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THE charm that pervades Mr. W. H. Hudson's delightful book on La Plata is not less potent an influence in the series of brilliant and suggestive sketches comprised in *Idle Days in Patagonia*. The study of nature, which is the proper study of the naturalist, has no specialized limits in Mr. Hudson's practice. It is of unrestricted range, and is marked by qualities of sympathy and insight that are natural to the poet. His observations, for example, on the song of birds—the exquisite music of the Patagonian plains, or the song that made a paradise for him of the Kentish village described in *Birds in a Village*—reveal an æsthetic sense that is remarkably sensitive. There is not an object that falls within his study as a naturalist, be it some item of the mere catalogue of common things, or some beautiful or grandiose product of nature, that is not transmuted by his imagination, and revealed in its true, its primal relation to man. His is the art that vivifies with significance that which is trivial to the general. Such is the distinction of Mr. Hudson's writing, and it constitutes what is one of the truest manifestations of the naturalist's calling. To speak of the quickening of the dead bones is somewhat musty, and savours of the museum, besides being but half the truth; for Mr. Hudson will ride from Dan to Beersheba, and find nothing dead in nature. Once again, in his Patagonian book, does he indulge in his speculative humour, delighting in quaint turns of thought and ingenious analogies, such as impel the alert mind to "track suggestion to her inmost cell." In his lonely rides in Patagonia, the vastness and solitude of the scene, and the apparent timelessness and eternal aspect of nature, re-create in him the thoughts and instincts of primitive man. "Living in nature"—to use Mr. Hudson's happy phrase—he becomes one with that he contemplates. The mind projects itself, or the spirit is translated, into nature, until the visual scene shares his own sentient life and intelligence. The mental process, so admirably analysed by Mr. Hudson, is known only to the man of imagination, and with him is perfected by the stimulus of such an environment as Mr. Hudson enjoyed. Transplanted from the sweet security of

the streets to the Patagonian wilds, the unimaginative person would experience nothing but distress.

Speculation is the note of the book, and it is of a quality very infrequent among naturalists. When the busy observer holds us by some vivid description of the flight or song of a bird, or enchants us with his portraiture of strange beast or insect—as in the wonderful account of the black leaf-cutting ant (*Ecodoma*)—it is not for long we occupy Mr. Hudson's workshop, and are his absorbed pupils. Some suggestion, apparently hazarded, though really of an adroit pertinence, invariably serves to turn the eyes of the mind inwards, as it were, to contemplations of a less concrete order. Thus the description of the dying Magellanic eagle owl (p. 193)—there is a striking drawing of him by Mr. J. Smit—with his splendid, angry eyes, throwing out "minute yellow sparks into the air," is the appropriate preface to an eloquent and remarkable dissertation on the human eye. Like Wordsworth's pansy, the pebble at his feet does the same tale repeat. The agates and many-coloured flints of the drift in the Black River valley inspire the meditative naturalist with the attempt to people the wilderness with the dim shapes of the Neolithic men of whose handicraft he has collected many specimens. The silver-shining flow of the river in the monotonous landscape fascinates him by its radiance, as a light charms the moth, and he falls to analysing the nature of its magnetism. In a similar vein of introspection are the author's notes on the source of the repulsion felt when we detect a grotesque or mocking resemblance to the face of man in some animal; and the curious, Rousseau-like reflections on happiness, and on illusion as the source of happiness (p. 92). The sight of the town of El Carmen, mantled in unwonted snow, suggests a discourse on the quality of whiteness, and the terror, or horror, it arouses in certain temperaments; concerning which interesting subject Mr. Hudson quotes Herman Melville's views, and offers another and not less engaging explanation than that given by the adventurous author of *Moby Dick*. In short, the idle days of Mr. Hudson prove to be richly productive, not merely in the observation of strange birds and beasts, but in the philosophic contemplation of man and nature. The distinctive character of the book has, we think, been clearly set forth. But in indicating its chief lines and bearings we have by no means touched upon all its aspects of interest. We should like to quote the passage descriptive of the subterranean rodent, *Ctenomys magellanica*, "well-named *oculto* in the vernacular," whose brilliant and conspicuous eyes might strike some of our popular "scientists" with dismay; for it is clear that the creature should have meagre or rudimentary vision according to the teaching of these self-elected apostles of Darwinism. The final chapter on the scents of flowers, and that on "Sight in Savages," with its ingenious, if not altogether convincing, argument, are hard to pass by, so keen is their invitation to discussion. But not less may be said of the whole book.

Birds in a Village comprises studies of bird-life in England which merit the attention of all interested in the subject, and are especially valuable to readers of Mr. Hudson's observations on the birds of South America, which were written, in part, before the author had enjoyed the opportunity of studying English birds in their native land. The song of birds is a subject Mr. Hudson may be said to have mastered. We know of no writer on it who approaches him in descriptive power, in the choice and accuracy of phrase, in subtlety of perceptive faculty, and sensibility to all sounds in nature. His command of language and the possession of a fine ear more than justify the time he has employed on this difficult and neglected field of observation. The days are long since past, we trust, when the ridiculous attempt to "spell" the song of birds was seriously accepted by naturalists. The errors perpetrated by naturalists and others, through a defective ear, are almost incredible and sufficiently notorious. The song of the thrush, for example, or even of some less gifted bird, is commonly mistaken for that of the nightingale—one of the most voluble, familiar, and easily observed of birds, whose song is utterly different from any bird-song in England. Mr. Hudson tells us how he was misled by Daines Barrington to suspect the correctness of Felix de Azara's glowing commendation of the song of the house-wren of La Plata, which Azara thought comparable to the nightingale's, if less delicate and expressive. But when he heard both the nightingale and the English wren, he found that Azara's judgment was "not far out." His observations of the nightingale, the thrush, the wryneck, the tree-pipet, and other birds, treated of in *Birds in a Village*, are full of delight and instruction. There is sound sense, too, as well as sound sentiment, in his discussion of the protection of birds, the barbarous practices of nest-destroyers, the slaughter of birds for purposes of millinery, and the wanton destruction of sea birds by cockney gunners or other

* *Idle Days in Patagonia*. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. Illustrated by Alfred Hartley and J. Smit. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

Birds in a Village. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

"sportsmen." These subjects are dealt with in Mr. Hudson's book in an admirable spirit. Let us hope that the new Act for the Protection of Birds will prove less ineffectual than that of 1880.

A NEW DRAWING-BOOK.*

SOME Hints on Learning to Draw is the unnecessarily modest title of a very elaborate treatise of some two hundred pages, with a great number of illustrations, of which many are by artists of first-rate reputation, and all excellently reproduced. It can hardly be said that this is the ideal guide to the study of drawing that has been so long hoped for by all who are interested in the subject; but it is certainly an advance in the right direction. In the course of study that Mr. Hutchinson recommends to the beginner he very wisely deprecates the wasting of much time in drawing from the flat.

'Copies from the flat fail to make him think sufficiently for himself, a foreshortened portion of the copy may be very narrow, but it too often fails to impress his mind in any way; whereas in drawing even the foreshortened upper surface of a common child's brick from the actual block, he has to think for himself and decide for himself, and habits of comparison and observation are brought into play. Such habits of observation cannot be taught too early. Provided that we can draw a fairly straight line in any direction, and a combination of straight lines such as a square or triangle correctly from a flat copy, it will be well to place before us a block of wood, and learn how to see it, and to draw it *as we see it* in various positions and to note the change that takes place in each of these positions; and so get at once accustomed to notice why lines and spaces appear long or short. When we can see this on the actual block for ourselves, on seeing a good drawing of a foreshortened block, we shall understand it and appreciate the correctness of the drawing, and its proportions as we could not have done before. One of the earliest lessons to be learned is how very untrustworthy is the testimony of the untrained eyesight; when this is realized, the importance of keen observation becomes apparent.'

As Mr. Hutchinson justly observes, the great difficulty of drawing is in representing foreshortened forms. This difficulty arises in a very curious manner. The ordinary man, as distinguished from the artist, makes use of his eyes to get practical information about what he sees. He has to recognize familiar objects through all the protean modifications that their appearance undergoes from different points of view. To the ordinary man a coin is always circular, though he mostly sees it as an ellipse; for it can only show its true circle when every part of its circumference is equi-distant from the eye—a case which is obviously of rare occurrence. To him the top of a square table is always a square, although he has probably never seen it so in his life. Indeed, he cannot well do so whilst it is standing on the ground unless he looks at it from the ceiling. To him a foreshortened arm has lost nothing of its length; it may seem short when stretched towards him, but if he wishes to avoid the fist at the end he must think of the real and not of the apparent length.

We cannot pursue this fascinating subject further, but it is sufficient for our purpose to indicate roughly the difficulties that beset the student when he first attempts to represent foreshortened forms. The natural man in him disregards the appearance of objects, and endeavours to represent them as he thinks they are. Learning to draw is, to a great extent, the getting rid of the natural man, and the substitution for him of that highly artificial man, the artist, who doesn't care in the least what things are, but does, or should, care what they seem. There are two ways of combating this natural tendency—one is by sharpened and corrected observation, the other is by learning perspective.

Perspective can be described roughly as a mechanical method of representing foreshortened objects in their natural proportions, and as such can be of great aid to observation—it is indispensable in those cases where observation is impossible, as, for instance, in drawing imaginary scenes—but for the beginner no amount of perspective can ever take the place of direct observation. He has to learn to see rightly what is before him, and to reproduce it truly. For him there can be no question of imaginary scenes, nor can perspective be anything more to him than an aid to correct seeing.

How, then, can his observation be sharpened and cleared of the errors habitual to the natural man? How can he be taught to see foreshortened forms as they actually appear? Mr. Hutchin-

son is fully aware of the difficulty, and has many very sensible remarks upon it. Moreover, he has elaborated a very plausible method by which this difficulty may be overcome. The method would be admirable were it feasible. Unfortunately, it certainly is not feasible—at least to the extent to which it is carried in this work.

The student is instructed to measure everything by the aid of his pencil held at arm's length. He should take some unfore-shortened line as his standard, and then see what proportions the other lines bear to it; by this means he corrects the natural tendency to make all foreshortened lines too long. Theoretically, this is excellent; but the practical difficulties are enormous. In the first place, as every student knows, it is very difficult to measure anything at all accurately by this method. Unless the pencil is held absolutely square with the eye it becomes itself foreshortened, and then of course its value as a measure disappears immediately, and this is very difficult to guard against. Then, again, the calculation involved is often impossibly delicate by such a rough method. One line may be any conceivable fraction of another. Even in comparatively simple cases, can the eye of the student be trusted to estimate on his pencil a proportion of, say three sevenths?

That the method has some value, can be freely conceded. In it there is no natural tendency to one particular error, so it can be employed as a useful corrective to the habitual exaggeration of foreshortened forms; but it is a method of so little delicacy and accuracy that it certainly cannot be relied upon to the extent that Mr. Hutchinson seems to think. The real fact is, that no mechanical dodge of this kind can be more than a slight help in acquiring that habit of accurate observation which is the essence of good draughtsmanship. Like most men with a system, Mr. Hutchinson carries it too far. It is useful as far as it goes, but it does not go as far as he thinks, and consequently too much space is occupied in elaborating it. One or two examples of blocks drawn in perspective according to this method would have been ample, but at least twenty are given, most of them of a very distressing sameness. Ordinary perspective is also dealt with, but in rather a perfunctory manner; one or two examples are given that are not without interest, but, as the student is then referred to some special work on perspective, one feels that these examples might just as well have been omitted.

The same may be said of the section that treats of anatomy. It begins with a very elaborate discussion of the facial bones, and their influence on the external forms; then about a page is given to the skeleton generally, and then the discussion is suddenly broken off with the recommendation that the student should buy or borrow a book of *Anatomy for Artists*. Why not send the student to the anatomical treatise at the beginning? It is a pity that in this, as in the section devoted to perspective, Mr. Hutchinson should encumber an interesting and original book with matter that can be so easily found elsewhere. In his views as to the relation of anatomy and drawing he is, as usual, sound and practical.

The chapter on Shading is in many ways excellent, but we wish that Mr. Ruskin's suggestion that the beginner should do his shading in pen and ink had been more definitely condemned; it is, of course, the very worst medium that the student can possibly use when he first confronts the difficulties of light and shade. Mr. Hutchinson very rightly recommends charcoal, and gives a good description of the way to use it. His account of the pure water-colour method is also excellent, but he is much less definite and helpful in his treatment of body-colour. In fact, there is hardly any account given of the combined wash and body-colour method that is now so extensively used for illustration. Nor is the account of pen-and-ink methods quite satisfactory, although many good examples are given by which the student ought to profit.

Amongst the many excellent illustrations a wash drawing by Mr. Alfred Parsons, of the Avon at Tewkesbury, may be singled out as a particularly fine example of modern landscape work. It is much better reproduced than when it appeared in *Harper*.

There are other capital drawings by Mr. Parsons, mostly in pen and ink, some very delicate studies of plants by Sir Frederick Leighton, an admirable landscape in pencil by Sir George Reid, and an exceedingly fine study of a head by Mr. Watts.

Altogether, Mr. Hutchinson has produced a very interesting and useful work, in future editions of which he may perhaps see his way to rearranging his materials with more sense of proportion and method.

* *Some Hints on Learning to Draw*. By G. W. Caldwell Hutchinson, Art Master, Clifton College. With Illustrations. London and New York: acmillan & Co.

THE NORSE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

THE Americans are occasionally charged with not caring much about their own pre-colonial antiquities. The researches published by the Smithsonian Institute, by Dr. Brinton, by Mr. Grinnel, and many others, are a sufficient answer to the imputation. We really cannot expect the general public of any country to be archaeologists. But that general public is easily excited by ignorant or mendacious tales about discoveries of early Welsh, Phœnician, or Norse antiquities in America. When they are not hoaxes, these reports are usually caused by the delusive belief that certain customs, rites, buildings, implements, or what not, are indications of *race*. The uniformity of early art, custom, and life in all races, prevents such relics from possessing any claim to be ethnological evidence. The Jews practised circumcision, and had many odd ritual laws, but those things may be, and are, common to many peoples who are not Jews. Norsemen built mound graves, but all races who build mound graves are not Norse. These simple truths are still unrecognized by amateur antiquaries, and this gives rise to such works as Miss Cornelia Horsford's *Graves of the Northmen*. This quarto contains an essay on "Leif's House in Vinland," by Miss Horsford's father, and the lady's own study of "The Graves of the Northmen" in America. The late Mr. Horsford, pondering on the well-known Saga of Eric the Red, decided that Leif the Lucky landed on an islet at the head of Cape Cod, and that Eric the Red built his house near the modern Cambridge at "Gerry's Landing." That site seemed to him, and that site only, to meet the descriptions in the Saga. Soapstone bowls and stone sinkers have been found near "Leif's House," but surely the Indians may have used both these implements. "Iron implements were not to be looked for," but why not? The Northmen used them, the Indians did not use them, and they are frequently found on Norse, but, of course, never on prehistoric Indian sites.

Mr. Horsford dug on what he conceived to be the site of Leif's house, and there he found stone "foundation walls," charcoal, and arrow-heads. The arrow-heads, we presume, were of stone. Now, the Indians used stone arrow-heads, so, even if the Northmen also used them (which we doubt), they do not prove the presence of Northmen. Very sketchy indications of a ditch prove nothing, nor do we conceive it to be impossible that Indians built stone bases for fireplaces. The line of stone foundations is the only indication, as far as we see, that any but Indians built "Leif's House." It would be necessary to show that Indians of "the Long House" never laid foundations in stone, a point which American archaeologists can easily settle. Traces of a separate chamber are found, a Norse *gynæceum*, according to Mr. Horsford. This gentleman died, and his daughter, who confesses that she is an amateur, continued his researches. But she very wisely left much undisturbed for the advantage of experts, and it is to experts that we must look for exploration. Miss Horsford has read books like Du Chailly's and *Saga Time*, but she is not unaware of her own lack of archaeological science and training. There is a small mound on what she takes to be the battlefield where the Norse fought the Skraelings; it is easy to excavate it, and discover whether Thorbrand, or some other Viking, lies there. The mere presence of mounds in America and in Europe is no proof of anything. The brass kettles found with jack-knives on a Kaw Kwah site are probably European and post-Columbian. The Indians used to bury such kettles as a sacrifice to their Earth Goddess. Miss Horsford has discovered oblong stone foundations, with two fireplaces; and these, she thinks, are the remains of a house erected by Thorfinn's party. She has excavated some small stone circles, but found "no trace of bones or organic matter." Mounds, stone circles, obsidian, and so forth are discovered all up and down the world. Miss Horsford has not found anything at all, except stone bases of a house, which seems to us to raise even a presumption in favour of Norse occupation of the sites. However, the grave of Thorbrand remains untouched, very fortunately, and when that is opened we shall know more about the whole affair. Let iron be found, or the slightest Runic inscription, and scepticism will yield place to interest. Norse mounds are usually, we think, much larger and more conspicuous than those described by Miss Horsford. But a needle in a haystack is more hopefully to be sought for than relics of Eric the Red on the coast of North America.

* *Leif's House in Vinland*. By Eben Norton Horsford. *Graves of the Northmen*. By Cornelia Horsford. Boston, U.S.: Damrell & Upham. 1893.

A COUNTY COUNCIL CATALOGUE.*

THIS very handsomely got-up volume will probably be of great interest to the forty persons of whom it gives sketches, with accompanying letterpress, and to their friends and relations. The sketches are not caricatures, but are probably, on the whole, somewhat flattering presentments. The essay about each of the individuals contrives, in almost every instance, to combine a decided appearance and a certain amount of discrimination with the substance of strong eulogy in a manner which does infinite credit to the ability of Mr. Adkins. To the outside world its interest is, of course, much less. The great majority of the persons described are County Councillors for Northamptonshire, and all, or nearly all, hold, or have held, some office in connexion with county or local business. Those of them who are best known beyond the limits of Northamptonshire are Lord Spencer, the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Knightley, Mr. Manfield, M.P., Lord Henley, Mr. Albert Pell, Mr. William Goodall, and the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P. (who, by the way, is not yet a Privy Councillor, as the authors seem to think he is). An amusing passage in the essay upon Lord Spencer is the reflection that, considering his merits as Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and, until lately, as Chairman of the County Council, "it might well be imagined that Lord Spencer is universally popular; but such is far from being the case." We should have thought it might as well be imagined that Marshal Bazaine would have been universally popular if he had lived after 1870 in a locality largely inhabited by Frenchmen. Mr. Shoosmith's portraits are very well drawn, and as far as we can judge very good likenesses. Altogether *Our County* is a well-executed work likely to be of great local interest, and, considering that the whole design is that of a collection of personal sketches of gentlemen of no very overwhelming importance, Mr. Adkins has done his share of the work with a highly commendable absence of bad taste. He is himself, as appears from the title-page, a member of the Northamptonshire County Council, and though he could not with propriety have written his own monograph, there does not seem to be any particular reason why his collaborator should not have added his portrait to the gallery.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.†

FROM the pages of *Punch* we have the latest collection of Mr. Anstey's contributions, under the title *The Man from Blankley's*, and a vastly diverting collection it proves to be. The Ansteyan humour has produced nothing, we think, more admirable and more distinctive in its happy mingling of the spirit of comedy and the spirit of satire than the dramatic sketch with which the present volume leads off. *The Man from Blankley's* has affinities, as all good work must have, with certain masterpieces of comedy—with the art of Molière, for example, and of Goldsmith. This delightful version of the mistakes of a night is, however, "new and original," in a sense in which our new and original plays seldom or never are. The satiric touch, the style of representation, the quality of the humour—inimitable in its blending of breadth and brightness, of gaiety and point—can only be described as Ansteyan. The *bourgeois* types that play their parts at the dinner party of the Tidmarshes are drawn with excellent art. They are true representations, one and all, and so artistic is the control of the satiric humour that not one of them is permitted to misrepresent himself by a false note or a touch of extravagance. Every development in the ingenious imbroglia springs naturally and persuasively from the initial source of the action, which is the ludicrous, yet not impossible, error of Lord Strathsporr. There is something of an epical character in that one little act of inadvertence which involves everybody in so complicated a tissue of mistakes, and such amusing and unceremonious revelations of character. The interchange of misapprehensions between Lord Strathsporr and his host and hostess, their guests, and Miss Seaton, the governess, is exceedingly diverting, yet the drollery of the whole sketch, from the beginning to the cumulative effect of the masterly climax, has an unforced flow and seems to be perfectly inevitable. There is no need to say anything of the felicities of Mr. Anstey's dialogue, and of the art by which a potent self-betrayal of character is effected by a single pregnant phrase. Mrs. Tidmarsh and Uncle Gabriel, the Radical that dearly loves a lord, to whom it is all one "whether a man's a

* *Our County: Sketches in Pen and Ink of Representative Men of Northamptonshire*. By W. Ryland D. Adkins, Barrister-at-Law, County Councillor for the Duston Division of Northamptonshire. Illustrations by W. B. Shoosmith. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

† *The Man from Blankley's; and other Sketches*. By F. Anstey. Illustrated by J. Bernard Partridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

lord or a linendraper," he "looks upon him simply as a human being"—these, and the rest, are exquisite presentations and of the very pith of humour. Mr. Bernard Partridge, in his clever drawings, has illustrated the various scenes of Mr. Anstey's sketch with the sympathy and geniality he never fails to exhibit when working in alliance with the author of *The Travelling Companions*. The remaining sketches of the volume deal with the humours of the crowd at places of popular resort. They need not further reviewal than the sufficient intimation that they form a fresh series of the admirable *Voces Populi*.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC OF 1892.*

THE only fault to be found with Dr. Clemow's book, which consists of no more than 110 modest pages, with some maps and diagrams, is that there is too little of it. As physician to the English hospital at Cronstadt, the author has had access to the best sources of information, and has produced a work of solid and lasting value so far as it goes. The greater part of the volume is taken up with a history of the epidemic, in which its course and progress are concisely traced, with the aid of maps and mortality tables, from the commencement in May down to the close of the year. To this is added an account of the preventive measures adopted by the Government, of the treatment employed in the St. Petersburg hospitals, and of the medical conference held there in December. It is all very well done and a model of brevity; but we could have wished for a fuller discussion of some points and the addition of others which are omitted altogether. For instance, much pathological and bacteriological work was done in St. Petersburg, Baku, and other places, and it would have been very interesting to know the bearing of these labours on the many obscure problems connected with cholera. Again, the clinical aspects of the epidemic are almost ignored, the duration of the disease, its relation to age, sex, and habits, the period of incubation and of contagiousness after recovery. On all these points and many others a great deal of interesting information must have been accumulated, and Dr. Clemow's book would certainly have gained in interest if he had seen his way to making any use of it. To our mind he has missed, or, rather, imperfectly grasped, an opportunity; but, after all, that is his affair, and for what he has given us we have nothing but praise.

Cholera entered Asiatic Russia at the end of May, 1892. The first place attacked was Kaachka, a station on the Transcaspian railway, to which it was brought from Meshed, in Persia. From Kaachka it spread rapidly along the railway, both east and west, reaching Samarcand, in Central Asia, within twelve days, and Oozoon Ada, on the Caspian, in six. From the latter place it crossed over to Baku, and so touched Europe on the 18th of June. With respect to this and other dates we may remark that writers in this country have generally mixed up the old and the new style. From Baku the cholera spread in two ways, inland to the Caucasus, and so to the Black Sea, and seawards along the shores of the Caspian to Petrovsk and Astrachan. This town lies at the mouth of the Volga, which carries a large fleet of steamers, and forms one of the principal channels of communication with the interior of Russia. The epidemic spread up the river with startling rapidity, travelling 1,200 miles in twelve days, through Saratof, Samara, Simbirsk, and Nijni Novgorod, up to within a few hundred miles of St. Petersburg. And meantime it was pursuing a more southerly course through the Caucasus to the Sea of Azov, and thence into South-Western Russia. We have not space to follow the whole story, and must content ourselves with a few summary facts. As on previous occasions, cholera followed the lines of human intercourse, but more rapidly than ever before. The region most affected was the Caucasus, where 69,423 deaths had occurred up to the beginning of December. In the whole of the Russian Empire at the same date the roll-call of victims numbered 267,880. The mortality of last year has only been exceeded in previous epidemics on two occasions—namely, in 1831 and 1848; but even in those years the percentage of deaths to cases was less. "In other words, the cholera was more virulent and the chances of recovery in any individual case were less in 1892 than they have ever before been known to be in Russia." We commend this statement to those who shy at the term "epidemic," and consider cholera as played out.

Nor is much comfort to be drawn from Dr. Clemow's careful and sober statements about the sanitary condition of Russia. He admits that the sanitary surroundings of the Russian peasantry are extremely bad, but says that they are not so bad as

they are painted; while the central medical intelligence of the country and the principles of defence adopted are to the full as advanced as our own. Quarantine is unanimously condemned, on the ground that it "has no scientific basis, that it leads to great annoyance and loss, that it demands an immense expenditure for its proper carrying out, and that it does not attain its end, as evasion of quarantine is always possible." It is replaced by a system of inspection, isolation of sick, and disinfection, exactly as with us. Great stress is laid on the importance of notification and prompt dealing with suspicious cases "without awaiting the confirmation of the diagnosis by bacteriological investigation or any formal recognition of the existence of an epidemic."

The notes on treatment cannot be discussed here; practising physicians will find them of the very highest interest at the present time. And there is one other point of extreme importance, on which Dr. Clemow gives some valuable evidence—namely, the spread of cholera by fomites. But, indeed, the whole book is full of information.

HALLECK'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

HALLECK'S *International Law* is a standard book in its way. It is fitter for officers and diplomatists than for law students (by which we do not intend any disparagement), and it earned the praise of so competent and impartial a judge as Sir Henry Maine. It contains much information as to details, e.g. of the minor ceremonies and courtesies used between nations, which is not easy to find elsewhere. An American who had been a soldier in the Mexican war, then a lawyer, and then a soldier again, and a highly distinguished one, in the War of Secession, was, indeed, almost the ideal person to write a working treatise on the law of nations, and especially the laws of war and neutrality. But the book is more than thirty years old, and history moves apace. Like many other standard books, this one has come to the age when an editor must almost make another book of it if it is to be kept abreast of the modern state of the subject. Such an operation is apt to be critical. Sir Sherston Baker has now undertaken it, and frankly tells us that the work is in many parts rewritten. Knowing the extreme difficulty of the task, we do not care to go into details which might appear captious. But we cannot honestly say that we think the new matter has been always adequately worked in. When there is a fourth edition, we hope that certain long and overcrowded footnotes will be bidden to go up into the text, and room will be made for them by omitting discursive and controversial generalities which were thought needful when Halleck wrote, but which have now long ceased to be valuable or useful. Sir Sherston Baker ought not to have preserved the extraordinary statement that wars of independence are exemplified, among other cases, by a supposed war "of India against England," meaning, we presume, the Indian Mutiny. The phrase was barely excusable in a United States officer writing in the early days of the Civil War under the stress of an anti-English feeling which, though not really justified by anything England had done, was at the time general and not unnatural. It is no less an injustice to Halleck's memory than a gross perversion of history to let such language stand in a revised edition. We buried that hatchet twenty years ago, and whoever tries to dig it up again, Briton or American, is a bad citizen.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FROM "Sarajevo, in the Spring of 1893" comes the *Selam* (1) of Milena Mrazovic, "not an artistic *Selam*," says the too modest author, "but a bunch of modest field-flowers culled in far-off valleys and on lonely heights—a greeting, a *Selam* from Bosnia. . . . The noble, finely-strung sons of Golden Bosnia and brave Herzegovina bear," continues the writer, "to European eyes, the same label as the negroes of the Congo—'Barbarians.'" The love borne by her to this land and its people, whose blood runs in her own veins, has inspired eight stories offered as an inducement to the outer world to vouchsafe "a look into the soul of an unknown and therefore despised race." The result is a book with a purpose, as well written as if it had none. It is, however, a purpose too wide to be hampered by generalities, and has from the beginning of time inspired soul-stirring poetry and entrancing folklore. But in our degenerate day it does not often evolve

* *Halleck's International Law*. By Sir Sherston Baker. Third edition, 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1893.

(1) *Selam. Skizzen und Novellen aus dem bosnischen Volksleben*. Von Milena Mrazovic. Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft.

* *The Cholera Epidemic of 1892 in the Russian Empire*. By Frank Clemow, M.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1893.

anything with so keen and sweet a savour of virgin soil, of so fresh and vital a human interest, as these varied and vivid stories of Bosnian life, which lose nothing from the happy accident that their Slav author is past-master of the difficult art of writing German prose. The most perfect, in a literary sense, is the sketch of "Mahmud Baba," the Good and Rich, who owned the biggest inn, the most land, the best pipe, and the most beautiful wives for miles round. The hoarse guzlar of old Kafedschija, who from morn to night stirred the coffee on the hearth of the Khan, celebrated these ladies in the plural—

Never owned such a pipe,
Nor such lovely women,
The Kaiser!—

although Mahmud Baba had never had more than one at a time. The one who looked out from the window of the house behind the Khan at the handsome young serving-man, who was washing the shawls in the brook, was the seventh. She was the fairest in the land, but why had she that ugly crease between the brows? They had all been fair; they had faded and died, and he had again married the fairest. Yet Mahmud Baba was no Bluebeard; this one, like the others, had plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes, and two rows of ducats round her neck. What a pity she never laughed, the creature! Mahmud Baba had his wish, in this as in all else. That night she laughed, but Aziz, the handsome young serving-man, shivered and covered, the great pipe was broken, and Mahmud Baba was no longer there to be content, as was his wont, with all that had happened. The most tragic episode is the one entitled "Abla," in which there is a Beg of more than legendary cruelty, a young hero, whose cunning equals his devotion, and a description of country life, such as it was under Turkish rule. "Emin's Luck" is a story of the same period—the richest in incident, and the most entertaining of the series—of the fortunes of a brother and sister, a spoilt heiress, and a comically pathetic old couple, who, having parted in anger ten years ago, are reunited in a most unexpected manner by Providence in the shape of a good-natured Beg, who is also a Turkish Bimbashi, and who, by making the old people, Emin, the latter's sister, Hatidscha, and the wilful Raifa happy, ensured his own happiness. "Emin's Luck," the "Story of the Feredscha," and the "Wooing of Jussuf" are calculated to discourage the most ardent Women's-Rightists; for they prove that, although the women of Golden Bosnia have lived, and even as Austrian subjects still live, under Mahomedan law, their rights are too well guaranteed by tradition and habit, and too well guarded by a truly feminine mother-wit, to need fighting for. "Ali the Dervish" is a story of Mahomedan fanaticism and patient, enduring fatalism such as might come from any corner of the Far East; while "Zur Unzeit" ("Born out of Time"), another illustration of Mahomedan manners, is imbued with the very essence of Slav pathos. "A Bosnian Semiramis" tells of the hanging gardens, and what befel therein, of Prokleta Jelena (Helena the Accursed), whose fateful image, surmounted by an Old Slav inscription, still lives in a porphyry bas-relief, built, after the lapse of many centuries, into the wall of the Turkish fortress which now stands on the site of the princely stronghold of Zvornik, the last bulwark of Christian Bosnia.

Herr Hermann Gruson, whose continuous and well-known experiments and achievements in molten metals have for years inclined him to bold and ingenious speculation in astronomical physics, claims, in a work addressed to "laymen," astronomers, and "cultured and intelligent people all the world over," to have solved the "Sun-riddle." Worlds may come and go, and comets become new worlds, but the sun will for ever stand, an incandescent mass of elements akin to those out of which our earth is formed, at a white heat, the centre and life-giver of our system, the glorious witness and emblem of the Eternal Will. The sun-spots that have puzzled Herschel and Secchi and Bianchi, and mystified their disciples, have no secrets for the author of *Im Reiche des Lichtes* (2), and the "layman" would, indeed, be ungrateful who failed to appreciate the limpidity of thought and expression with which he is initiated into the most alluring of sciences, and raised, as it were, in arms, that reach until he can peep into the telescope that is built in most men's dreams. The first part of the book, treating most exhaustively of these sun-spots, is entitled "The Heavenly Bodies." Part II., "The Zodiacal Light," gives the confirmation of Herr Gruson's theories, found, with the help of Brugsch Bey, in the most ancient Egyptian ritual, in Coptic texts, in pyramid, and obelisk. The lay-Egyptologist—why not, if there be lay-astronomers—will find a special interest

(2) *Im Reiche des Lichtes. Sonnen, Zodiakallichte, Kometen, Dünne-
rungs-Pyramiden nach den ältesten ägyptischen Quellen.* Von Hermann
Gruson. Mit achtundzwanzig Figuren und neun Tafeln, zum Theil in
buntpfarbiger Ausführung. Braunschweig: Georg Westermann. London:
Ancher & Co.

in a genial letter in which that great authority declares that his friend's discoveries have "caused the scales to fall from his eyes, so that he can hardly realize that he has been so long in the dark as to the true meaning of the mystic triangle and the conventional design of the Zodiac on Egyptian monuments. The hitherto unexplained word Gosem (the biblical Goshen) becomes comprehensible, when one has recognized the real meaning of the triangle." Fig. 21, in the series of illustrations, reproduces the oldest known representation of the Light-pyramid, which is six thousand years old. Part II., the most sensational part of a work that is full of surprises, closes with an exhortation to daily study of the appearance and vanishing of Zodiacal-light, from positions as favourable as those of Caracas and Boyten Station. Science would thus gain the most valuable material towards more exact computations as to the height of the tidal wave, from its beginning to its disappearance, and "new and decisive testimony" of the most convincing power as to the truth of the author's theories. Part III. treats in three short chapters of comets, and contains among its illustrations the Donati comet. Part IV. returns by an eloquent peroration to "the solving of the riddle of Light," and is followed by an alphabetic index.

The philosophy of aesthetics has apparently diverged from the common point of departure of other philosophic sciences. That this divergence is only apparent, and this science—albeit modern in its rapid development—is not so new as Vischer and other of its able exponents would have it, Dr. Julius Walter undertakes to prove in his *History of Aesthetics among the Ancients* (3). This history of aesthetics does not follow a consecutive succession of separate systems, but concerns itself almost exclusively with the investigation and connexion of single trains of thought, beginning with the naïf and patriarchal utterance of Hesiod, struggling for expansion under the pedagogue Xenophon, meandering throughout the Anthology, flitting through the satires of Lucian, finding its fullest Greek expression in Plato, Longinus, and Plotinus, growing in width and depth until it reaches Horace, whom, passing through the Renaissance, it connects with Wieland and the moderns. The value and interest of this remarkable work—which reach their highest point in the treatment of dialectics and other modes of speech in connexion with the Sense of the Beautiful—are enhanced by an excellent page by page index of historical sources and documents. We hope to give it more adequate notice at some future time.

Dr. Brandt's contribution to the history of the *Origin of Christianity* (4) is an amicable *causerie, pour et contre*, of this exegetist with such authorities as Strauss, Renan, Schürer, Nippold, Meyer, Volkmar, and others, with reference to the original Greek and Hebrew texts, and with the addition of many an ingenious hypothesis on the part of a most competent and conscientious exponent of a subject that is well nigh as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. In conclusion, Dr. Brandt opines "that the sifting of the Evangel does not lessen the interest of the historical figure of Jesus . . . from the belief in His Godhead has arisen the most ideal concept that the world holds; Jesus Christ as the teacher and consoler of humanity."

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE Bishop of Derry's Columbia College Lectures on *Primary Convictions* were delivered mainly in the Church of the Heavenly Rest at New York, before an audience largely composed of eager and intelligent young men. The nature of the audience seems to have determined both the style and the subject. The style is the sort of rhetoric that young men love, full of anecdote and allusions to good literature, ardent and direct. Old people love it too, when, as in the case of the Bishop of Derry, it is combined with taste, power, and sincerity, and gives body and warmth to their deepest convictions. However, there is no need to dwell upon the style of an orator so well known. The subject also was

(3) *Die Geschichte der Aesthetik im Alterthum, ihrer begrifflichen Entwicklung nach dargestellt.* Von Dr. Julius Walter, Professor der Philosophie in Königsberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Die evangelische Geschichte und der Ursprung des Christenthums, auf Grund einer Kritik der Berichte über das Leiden und die Auferstehung Jesu.* Von Dr. W. Brandt. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Primary Convictions.* Columbia College Lectures on Subjects connected with the Evidences of Christianity. By W. Alexander, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893. *The First Book of Kings.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D. (Expositor's Bible). London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

The Church in the Roman Empire before 170 A.D. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

Christ in Modern Theology. By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

selected with special reference to the hearers, and the difficulties that trouble young men, though not them alone. *Primary Convictions*, in the Bishop's sense of the phrase, are the facts of the Creed. Round these convictions, or dogmas, there gathers "a great mass of traditional exposition, explanation, loose statement, pulpit catch-words, the slapdash scholasticism of the public meeting, the railway carriage, the dinner-table, the smoking-room." Wherever men think or talk, whether in the doctor's library or in the omnibus, there grows up doctrine, opinion, sometimes of great value, sometimes of none; and the Bishop holds that many "are haunted by most distressing doubts, not about the absolute facts of the Gospel, but by particular theories as to the *how* of those facts, with which they have come to implicate the verities themselves." The distinction is well illustrated by an anecdote of Heine. "You see here," he said to his companion, as they were gazing on the Cathedral of Amiens, "the difference between opinions and convictions. Opinions cannot build such cathedrals; convictions can." The body of the book is composed of nine discussions on the chief Articles of the Creed, so rich in illustration and suggestion that a dry abstract is not possible, though pages might be filled with quotations. We may end with one which strikes one of the key notes. "There are two contrasts between faith and science. In science the first proposition is true only so far as it agrees with the last; in faith the last is true only so far as it coheres with the first. Science commits suicide when she accepts a fixed creed; Faith when she rejects one."

Archdeacon Farrar's exposition of *The First Book of Kings* exhibits all the merits and all the defects of that well-known writer. The most irritating peculiarity, that of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, comes out in the very first pages. Speaking of the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, the Archdeacon says, "They are first held up to ridicule as absurd; then exposed to anathema as irreligious; at last they are accepted as obviously true." It is not true of everybody; we are not all "passionate devotees of each old erroneous mumpsimus." And what do the words mean? They mean that any one who regards the prophet Elijah as a supernatural personage is an obscurantist. But the Archdeacon himself holds this view. Mr. Montefiore or Professor Huxley would regard him as a devotee, and a very passionate devotee, of many an exploded superstition. So what can be the good of screaming at those who are in the same boat with himself? Another error, as we must call it, is that of judging Old Testament characters in the light of New Testament morality. It is not scientific in point of method, and it is Pharisaic in point of ethics. These faults will try the patience of many readers, and ought to be allowed for by all before they surrender themselves to the enjoyment of the Archdeacon's rolling periods.

It is a thousand pities that Professor Ramsay could not afford himself the time to put his *Church in the Roman Empire before 170 A.D.* into proper booklike shape. What he has given us is, not a book, but a collection of disquisitions, and even the separate papers are not so finished as could be desired. They range over a great variety of subjects, archaeological, historical, and critical. In archaeology, especially in all that regards Asia Minor, Professor Ramsay takes rank as a master, and accordingly his pages teem with minute information, which cannot fail to be of great value to the student of early Church history. The most important point that he discusses is a geographical one. Who were the "foolish Galatians" of St. Paul? Professor Ramsay fights very strongly for the French view that they were not the Galatians proper, but the churches of Iconium, Antioch, Lystra, and Derbe, established by St. Paul on his first mission journey. The chief arguments for this contention are—that Lycaonia, Pisidia, and part of Phrygia were in St. Paul's time included in the official province of Galatia; that in certain passages in the Book of Acts, where St. Paul is said to have visited Galatia, the Roman province is meant; that, while the Book of Acts makes a great deal of the Pisidian and Lycaonian Churches, St. Paul never mentions them; and conversely, while the Book of Acts barely mentions the Galatians, St. Paul honours them with a special Epistle. The reader naturally asks here whether it would be possible to speak of the Antiochenes, who belonged to an entirely different race, as Galatians, merely because they had recently been included in the same administrative district with the Galatians. Would it be possible, for instance, for a Buddhist missionary to speak of the Irish as "foolish Englishmen"? Professor Ramsay meets this difficulty by pointing out that, as Antioch, Iconium, and Lystra belonged to different nationalities, the only possible common appellation for them all is that derived from the name of the province. Upon the whole, it will be thought that he makes out a very strong case, and has materially advanced the solution of a curious and not unimportant

question. But, if so, "Celtic fickleness" will have to be struck out of our notes on the Epistle to the Galatians. Less successful is the investigation into the nature and causes of the early persecutions of Christianity. It is, indeed, full of acute and valuable remarks; but it rests upon what is surely an entirely mistaken view of the famous correspondence between Trajan and Pliny. Professor Ramsay thinks that Pliny applied to the Christians "a definite form of procedure which had established itself through use and wont." But what Pliny says is surely that he did not know what on earth to do with the Christians; that he had extemporized a mode of dealing with them; that he had found the task far more serious than he anticipated; and that, if he went on, he should have to put a very great number of people to death. And so he writes off to the Emperor in a panic:—"I am getting into a great mess. For Heaven's sake, tell a poor man what he is to do." In reply, Trajan calms him down, telling him that what he has done is quite right, that no general rule can be laid down, but that he is not to listen to anonymous accusations, and not to hunt out the Christians. All we can gather is that before this time probably there had been anonymous accusations, and Christians had been hunted out, and that in these two points the Emperor now accorded them his protection. Professor Ramsay strikes us as quite wrong in his explanation of Pliny's letter; and this leads him into the further error of meddling with the received date of the First Epistle of St. Peter. A point of great interest is Professor Ramsay's view that the peculiarities of the Codex Bezae are Asiatic. This must be commended to the consideration of Mr. Rendel Harris. But the volume abounds in matter about which all workers in the same field would like to have a crack with the Aberdeen Professor. Shapeless it is, and perhaps a little audacious, but full of good stuff.

An interesting, and in many respects highly significant, book is Dr. Fairbairn's *Christ in Modern Theology*. It is too comprehensive and too abundant in detail to receive justice in such a notice as can be accorded to it here; but a general summary must be given. In the first half of his work Dr. Fairbairn traces in outline the history of theology down to the rise of modern criticism, including in his rapid survey the sub-apostolic times, the Greek and Latin Churches, Lutheranism, Calvinism, and Anglicanism. Following upon this is a lucid and very satisfactory account of the growth of the modern spirit of inquiry, from Lessing to Strauss and Renan. The second and more important, because more original and personal, division of the work treats of the readjustment of religious opinion called for by our wider and deeper knowledge of our Lord himself and the times in which He lived on earth. It ranges over the whole field, Christology, the Trinity, the relation of Theism, Pantheism, and Deism to Christianity, the Atonement, Revelation, and Inspiration, and the Church. The strength of the book lies in philosophic criticism, especially of post-Reformation literature. In this department Dr. Fairbairn shows wide reading, great power of abstraction, and an intelligence masculine and acute. Consequently the result at which he arrives is one that will not please anybody. In the outset of his work he follows Dr. Harnack very closely, but differs widely from that eminent Professor in regard to the *data*, accepting the Gospel of St. John, and regarding the Synoptists as historical in their gravest and most significant utterances. In philosophy he has travelled the same road as Dr. Caird, but holds that philosophy interprets history, and does not make it. Hence he is able to justify with great power his belief in the Trinity and the Incarnation. He has much sympathy with certain modern speculators, who deduce strange consequences from the "Fatherhood" and the "Kingdom" of God; but he saves the Fatherhood from sentimentalism and mysticism by pointing out that it is a regal paternity, and that it is to be interpreted through the Incarnation, and he identifies the kingdom with the Church, though with his own Church. If it were worth while to dwell upon matters of difference, it is here that we should begin. From one point of view, Dr. Fairbairn's book might be called an elaborate pamphlet against the Church of England, and the way of attack is prepared by a misjudgment of the sub-apostolic Fathers, a very inadequate account of Latin theology—the three names selected as representative are Tertullian, Augustine, and Anselm—and the omission of some very important elements in the teaching of the Gospels, such, for instance, as the parable of the Wheat and the Tares. But it is needless to dwell upon this. We can take a knock and give a knock when occasion calls; but the main thing at present is the great central faith of Christianity. Anyone who contends for this is a friend. The chief merit of the book lies in its skilful combination of history, exegesis, and philosophy. This is the right method. It is only on this elevated plane that we can escape from the blind night-fighting over details that can lead to nothing but perplexity.

In *The Old Testament and the New Criticism* (London: Elliot Stock), the Bishop Suffragan of Colchester breaks a lance with Dr. Driver and Professor Wellhausen. Writing from the point of view of an educated clergyman, who is not a Hebraist, he touches a good many weak points, both critical and moral, in his adversaries' armour, but his career is rather too wild and impassioned to allow him to deal a fatal blow.

Faith and Criticism (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited) is a collection of essays, nine in number, by Congregationalist writers. The most interesting paper in the book is the last, in which Mr. T. Raleigh, Fellow of All Souls, who, by the way, tells us that he is not a Congregationalist, though he is ticketed with that name on the title-page, deals with the question of Church and State, from the point of view of a lawyer. Mr. Raleigh argues the case for Disestablishment clearly, ably, and without any sort of partisan bitterness. We cannot in the least agree with him that the power to confiscate endowments carries with it the right, and even in certain cases the obligation, to do so, and probably Mr. Raleigh would have a good deal to say if this doctrine came to be applied to All Souls by a Parliament of working men who did not see the good of lawyers. It would be a pleasure to argue with Mr. Raleigh, but, unfortunately, the case that has to be met in practice is something altogether different from that which he puts so reasonably.

Mr. Hammond is already known for his efforts to mitigate the inveterate and incurable sectarianism which distinguishes our British Christianity. He returns to the same theme in the same spirit in *English Nonconformity and Christ's Christianity* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) We are sadly afraid that he will only bring upon himself the charge of "sheep-stealing," which is a sin in the clergyman, but a shining merit in the minister. Yet he ought to know the Cornish people among whom he lives, he approaches his subject with sympathy and discretion, and we trust that he may succeed in convincing some, at any rate, that division is in itself a bad thing. But what is Polychurchism? We do not know the word.

Nature, the Supernatural, and the Religion of Israel, by Josiah Gilbert (London: Hodder & Stoughton), is a layman's book, "an attempt to correlate from the artist's standpoint the phenomena of Nature, the significance of Human Life, and the Supernatural." It is a piece of graceful and devout æstheticism, and may be found all the more useful because it is not the work of a professional preacher or scholar.

A good translation of Schleiermacher's *Speeches on Religion to its Cultured Despisers*, by John Oman, B.D. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim.), will be found a useful addition to the library of the theological student. The book comes opportunely, at a time when the importance of the general course of literary and philosophic thought among the Germans, as bearing upon their distinctively religious theories, is beginning to be better appreciated. Schleiermacher's æstheticism is no longer predominant, but it had a powerful influence, and the tendencies of later speculation cannot be understood without taking it into account.

A Roman Catholic *Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim.), by Wilfrid Wallace, is written with great fulness from original sources. There are numerous documentary appendices, including the Lives by Eustace, Bacon, and Rich. The author is aware of a case in which a gentleman, dying from injuries received in the football field, was healed by the application of a relic of the Saint.

A little volume on *Canonical and Uncanonical Gospels*, including a translation of the recently discovered fragment of the Gospel of Peter, and a selection from the sayings of Our Lord not found in the Four Gospels, by W. E. Barnes, Fellow of Peterhouse (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.), may be useful to those who want a plain general view of the subject.

Of homiletic literature we have to notice three volumes of the useful re-issue of Mr. Maurice's collected works—*The Epistles of St. John*, *The Gospel of St. John*, and *The Apocalypse* (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Final Passover*, the third volume of a series of "Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord," by the Rev. R. M. Benson (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Gardens of Scripture*, by the Rev. J. C. Cox (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); *Behold the Man*, by the Rev. John Wakeford (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Gospel of Work*, by the Bishop of Winchester, and *Agonia Christi*, by the Dean of Norwich, two new volumes of the "Preachers of the Age" Series (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); and *Plain Sermons*, by Bishop Oxenden (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.).

We have received also *Le Témoignage du Christ*, 2 vols., by Ernest Naville (Genève: Cherbuliez et Cie.) It is written for those "who consider the unity of the Christian world as the

ideal to be realized." M. Naville desires "unity, not uniformity." The work possesses great literary charm, and is steeped in a beautiful spirit of wisdom and tolerance; a popular study of *The Synoptic Problem*, by A. J. Jolley (London: Macmillan & Co.); *Religion and the Present Hour*, anonymous (London: John Hodges); a reprint of *The Five Empires*, by Robert Isaac Wilberforce (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *The Religion of the Future*, by the Rev. A. W. Momerie (London: Blackwood & Sons); *Words on Existing Religions*, by the Hon. A. S. G. Canning (London: W. H. Allen & Co., Limited); *Hebrew Idolatry and Superstition*, by Elford Higgins (London: Elliot Stock); *The Biblical Illustrator—Hebrews*, Vol. I., by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: Nisbet & Co.); *The Gates of Heaven Opened*, by James Davis (London: Houlston & Sons); *Philistines and Israelites, a New Light on the World's History*, by H. M. Kennard (London: Chapman & Hall, Limited); *The Fall of Adam*, 2 vols., by the Rev. S. S. Maguth (London: Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Enchiridion ad Sacram Disciplinary Cultores*, by Zitelli-Natali, re-edited by A. J. Maas, S.J. (Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN a book reaches its eleventh edition, it is in one sense beyond criticism, no doubt, but in others it acquires additional interest (1). M. Blaze (who was a brother of the well-known Castil-Blaze, and thus also connected with the still better known and very persistently literary family of Blaze de Bury) died nearly half a century ago, and in certain respects his "period" is thus a somewhat remote one. It is pretty evident, for instance, that such references as there are here to breech-loaders (and they are neither numerous nor full) must have been posthumous, if not "posticious," and the style of shooting to which he seems to have been chiefly accustomed was that of the percussion-cap and small-independent-party-after-dogs era. He seems, however, to have had wide experience in his way, and to have utilized his service in the Napoleonic armies for other purposes than the hunting of men. He is anecdotic without being too trivial, and his very voluminous hints on actual practice show a thoroughly practical spirit. We do not know whether the book has ever been translated into English—probably not, as the conditions are very different. But it certainly would give an excellent subject for a discursive article in the style of the older Quarterlies, with abundant citation and comparison by a skilled English hand. Possibly this also has been done; but, if not, the suggestion is anybody's who likes it. It makes (or rather they make, for the books are independent) three volumes of MM. Garnier's very cheap and very handy series, which has long provided a mixed, but abundant, pasturage to readers of French.

In the same series, or rather in another branch of it, the third and fourth volumes of the new reissue of Mme. Junot's *Memoirs*, the first and second of which we noticed a few weeks ago, have also appeared (2).

M. Ambroise Hervey's *Les gants noirs* (3) is, or at least aims at being, a romance of extreme purity and pathos. We grant the purity, but are rather more doubtful about the pathos. The heroine Rosen de Kerlo (who has nothing to do with the ferocious Marshal, her Christian name being presumed to be a Breton variation on Rose) has certainly had a hideous misfortune in her infancy, a mad father having cut off both her hands. She grows up, and develops a wonderful voice, but her misfortune is kept as secret as possible, and she acquires the nickname of "La diva aux gants noirs," because she always appears both on and off the stage in these vestments. To her a pure but virtuous and noble composer, Marc de Roeder, who not only devises operas just suited to her, but falls desperately in love with her. She has decided, however, that her maimedness does not justify her in accepting any one's love, and when at last Marc, who is in puzzled despair at her refusals to marry when she admits she loves, is informed of the fact, he himself cannot disguise his horror and revulsion. This, we confess, seems to us overstrained. A wife with hands would certainly for many purposes be preferable to a wife with none, and the lack of them is a terrible misfortune. But why it should be a *cause dirimante* in the direction of love or matrimony we do utterly fail to perceive. The Venus of Milo has neither hand's nor arms, and one might reconcile oneself pretty well to her, as it seems to us. However, M. Hervey, having thus cast his tragedy, maintains it to the last, and the unfortunate *Manekine*

(1) *Le chasseur au chien d'arrêt—Le chasseur au chien courant*. Par Elzéar Blaze. Paris: Garnier.

(2) *Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*. Tomes 3, 4. Paris: Garnier.

(3) *Les gants noirs*. Par Ambroise Hervey. Paris: Kolb.

(as they would have called her in older French) is burnt at last, her dress catching fire on the stage after another scene of unnecessary and horrible painfulness with her lover. It is really rather astonishing that so large a number of mankind should be incapable of perceiving what Art is not. It is no more the merely horrible than it is the merely trivial.

In certain ways *L'irrésistible* (4) is open to the charge of being too much of a *pastiche*. There is the usual abundance of *fil-des-croisés* titles (the fact being that very old titles in France are proportionately rather rarer than even with us); the usual duke of the stamp of "Monsieur Fred," grown up and distinctly deteriorated, if possible; the usual angelic and comparatively virtuous duchess; the usual chivalrous sailor (the form of whose name, *Hughes de Gisors*, however, argues a slight confusion in the mind of "Etincelle"), the usual Russian princess, the usual American-Russian-Lower Empire profusion and magnificence. However, all these usual things are worked up once more in a manner which may be interesting to some people, and need not be offensive to any.

The taste for the historical novel seems to be setting strong in France, with, as is not surprising, a special determination towards the Revolution period. It is rather odd at first sight (not so much so, perhaps, at second) that no Frenchman has yet been very successful in treating this apparently promising time. Neither Balzac's nor Dumas' attempts are of their best; *Quatre-vingt-treize*, like everything else of Hugo's, is Hugo, but it is not specially revolutionary; and no other hand of the very first eminence has done anything to rank with these. Where such men have, we need not exactly say failed, but not conspicuously succeeded, it would be unfair to demand complete success from M. Perret (5) and M. Lozère (6), each of whose works, by the way, seems intended to form part of a series—"La vie sous la Terreur" in the case of *Manette André*, "Scènes de guerre civile" in the case of the other. But each is a book respectable enough in its way.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE *Autobiography and Miscellaneous Poems* (Bemrose & Sons) of Mary Smith, schoolmistress and Nonconformist, comprise memorials of a self-made woman who in all the untoward circumstances of a struggling life displayed considerable force of character. Her autobiography is an exceedingly frank and effective piece of portraiture. It is marked, in an exquisite degree, with the admirable quality of candour. Indeed, self-delineation could scarcely be less coloured by affectation. There is not the slightest pretence of veiling the almost incurable prejudices which Mary Smith shared as the common heritage of the Dissenting community. Her father was a shoemaker in an Oxfordshire village. Her mother was a Gloucestershire farmer's daughter, who was before her marriage cook to a "rich pluralist vicar," who had married a duke's daughter. Her father had once been a Churchman, and—the usual sad consequence—"a worldly man." He became an Independent, "a truly devoted spiritual man and a Nonconformist." One of Mary Smith's earliest recollections is that her father was not as were other men of the village. "He did not swear, nor get drunk, nor indulge in low, foolish, and filthy conversation." Such men as Mr. Smith did much to enlighten England, though they were spoken against on all occasions by careless church-going people and the dissolute of all classes. So, also, great was the light shed by the Nonconformist divines, Mr. Hood and Dr. Styles, both of whom were "men of gentle speech and manners, very unlike the haughty vicar." In short, Mary Smith imbibed the spirit of Dissent in its concentrated strength. Poor, proud, and of a very independent nature, she describes herself in her youth, and proud and independent this sturdy Nonconformist remained all her life. She was a remarkable girl. Once, when a handsome young gentleman, who was canvassing the county, sprang suddenly into the shop, accompanied by "freeholders," and asked for the promise of her father's vote, she experienced a melancholy proof of the naughtiness of Tory ways. The handsome young fellow actually kissed her and fled. "Possibly," she naively writes, "this little incident helped in after years to make me more energetic in my speech and writings against the insidious treachery of the Tories." We would that space permitted us to quote further from her delightful recollections of Methodism and the Established Church in rural England some sixty years since. Full of shrewdness and a kind of Crabbe-like realism are her

pictures of village life. But the story of her aspirations towards literature, and her laudable endeavours after self-culture, must be said to give her autobiography its singular interest and charm. In Westmoreland, and afterwards at Carlisle, she became a schoolmistress, and, despite all temptations honourably offered by sundry worthy men, lived in single blessedness, contributing to the press both prose and verse, some of which, as the second volume shows, is decidedly worthy of preservation in print. Poetry became a passion with Mary Smith, and her own poetic writings comprise not a little that is striking. Miss Smith was an enterprising journalist. On one occasion she reported, for a Carlisle journal, certain proceedings at lectures for women only, to the great dismay of Dean Close, the lecturer. She mastered German sufficiently to read both Goethe and Schiller, and she corresponded with the Carlyles. She gives a not unaffectionate account of the publication of her poems. Miss Smith sent a poem to Mrs. Carlyle, who wrote in reply the encouraging comment of her husband:—"Thomas, to whom she had read it—who rarely praised poetry—had said, 'The young woman has something in her.'" "Thomas," in this judgment, was undoubtedly sound. One characteristic letter is given in the present volume, with several others from Mrs. Carlyle. Both writers advise Miss Smith to consider whether prose is not the better vehicle for her thoughts. "Progress" is the title of Miss Smith's longest poem, and Carlyle writes that he can discern no real progress anywhere except in "Smithwork," which he styles "a very sooty, shrieky, and to me contemptible kind of progress." For the rest, he agrees with the poetess. "All, or almost all, the progress in Smithwork and gold nuggets is due to the Puritan ages," he observes—"a fact which, on contrasting their moralities with our so miraculous smitheries, is a very melancholy one."

Not without a certain candour also, though with something of minute particularity that is less commendable, has the life of *Raja Digambar Mitra, C.S.I.*, been set forth by Bholanath Chunder, and published by the Hare Press of Calcutta. The career of Babu Digambar, previous to his connexion with the Bengal Council and his reception of the rank of Raja at the hands of Sir Ashley Eden, was as active as it was diversified. He served as agent or manager to the Raja Kissenath, in which capacity he developed without doubt the ability in business matters he subsequently employed in higher official positions. When the Raja Kissenath committed suicide, as unhappily he did, it was a question, the present biographer thinks, "whether he would have thus succumbed if he had had the benefit of Babu Digambar's advice." Unfortunately, for "the Babu had got him out of many serious scrapes," they had separated upon a little disagreement. Much information is given of the British Indian Association and its achievements, of which body Raja Digambar was at one time secretary and eventually president. Started on the noble principle of broad humanity, this Society, we are told, did great things; but in the course of time the members "began to prefer being distinguished by evanescent liveries and emblazonings to the approval of their consciences," degenerating at length into "a bundle of imbecility." The verdict pronounced on these native gentlemen is severe. "Never," says our author, "has the country been so disappointed." We must assume that the degeneracy set in after the Babu Digambar was created a Raja, though it seems that the Association had already passed from the "era of brandy," introduced by Khrisna Mohan Banerjee, to the "era of brag," introduced by Krista Das Pal. Truly the biographer of the Raja Digambar is one of the frankest of his tribe.

In his *History of the Life and Times of St. Edmund, King and Martyr* (Art and Book Co.), the Rev. J. B. Mackinlay, O.S.B., has attempted to interweave much historical or traditional material relative to the times in which St. Edmund lived and ruled, and not a little criticism of modern writers who have treated of the subject. A mere life of St. Edmund might, as the author remarks, occupy but a few pages if compressed, and could not furnish matter for some four hundred pages, such as the discursive volume before us contains. Father Mackinlay's work is, in fact, a history into which much legend and tradition enters. When he says that he does not wish to maintain that no myth has grown around the name of St. Edmund, he is emphatic in protesting against the view of Mr. Thomas Arnold, the editor of *Memorials of St. Edmunds Abbey*, who finds that "next to nothing" is known of St. Edmund's life and character. In particular, he shows in his second and third chapters a firm confidence in authorities relative to the Saint's parentage and early years, whom Mr. Arnold and others distrust. His volume is illustrated with maps, plans, and other drawings. The list of errata, we note, is scarcely corrective of all the misprints in what is in other respects a well-printed book.

The Story of Abital the Tsourian, edited by Val C. Prinsep,

(4) *L'irrésistible*. Par Etincelle. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Manette André*. Par Paul Perret. Paris: Ploce.

(6) *La terre sanglante*. Par Jacques Lozère. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

A.R.A. (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is a romance based upon an ancient MS. accidentally discovered—a kind of fiction much favoured by writers of late. The story tells of the voyage of Abibal from Tsour (Tyre) to the coast of Britain, and of his adventures and fate in that country. It purports to be a translation of the original record made by the son of a Kentish vicar, who vexes the orthodox soul of his father by following scientific studies instead of preparing to enter the Church. The prelude to the story, in which "the finding of the manuscript" is described, is more skilfully invented than the story itself, which, truth to tell, is not remarkable in any way, and less romantic in spirit than Mr. Clement Markham's account of the voyage of Pitheas and his discovery of Britain.

The discovery of a genuine manuscript is a subject of a pleasantly written little book by Margaret Dunlop Gibson—*How the Codex was Found* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes)—in which an account is given, partly from Mrs. Lewis's journals, of two visits to St. Catharine's Convent at Mount Sinai, and the finding of the ancient Syriac Codex (a portion of St. Luke's Gospel) and some other later MSS.

Commentaries on the poets never fail to cast down the spirit within us, and it is not surprising, therefore, that we have derived no cheering from Mr. Morton Luce's *New Studies in Tennyson* (Baker & Son), which is put forth as first-fruits of a "much larger work" which is to follow. Mr. Luce's notes take the form of "Lessons from Tennyson," and these include a commentary on *Maud*, as a "Lesson in Development of Plot," which is as vain a thing in the commentary way as anything we know of in the whole tedious literature of comment on poetry.

Mr. James Mark Baldwin's *Elements of Psychology* (Macmillan & Co.) is a text-book that treats of the science of psychology after an admirable method, and with praiseworthy clearness of exposition. The arrangement of the material is in itself not the least helpful feature of the course of instruction presented in the volume.

The amateur worker in wood, whether he be carver, or carpenter, or both, is not likely to lack practical guidance in these days of cheap and handy instruction books. The newest volume to hand is *Ornamental Carpentry*, edited by Francis Chilton-Young (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.), which is composed of three sections, each illustrated with good working drawings and original designs. Mr. Leo Pansey treats of Wood Carving and the carver's tools and craft. Mr. Gleeson White supplies an admirable series of chapters on Decorative Carpentry and the artistic adornment of the house—a richly suggestive theme it proves to be in the writer's hands. Lastly, Mr. C. H. Ozanne appends a useful yet brief description of Oriental Lattice-work, its principles of construction and its varieties of form.

The Children's Japan, by Mrs. W. H. Smith (Sampson Low & Co.), is a charming example of the *crêpe* Japanese books of Hasegawa, of Tokio, descriptive of the Japanese children at home, their sports and toys, which pleasing subjects are illustrated by some pretty drawings in colour.

Readers who are well disposed towards detective stories will probably recognize an old friend in the New York detective, Mr. Barnes, who figures prominently in Mr. Rodrigues Ottolengui's latest story, *A Conflict of Evidence* (Putnam's Sons). In a previous story Mr. Barnes appeared as the victim of an unscrupulous amateur. Here he reappears to shine forth as a kind of hero in a distressingly tortuous narrative.

We have also received *An Elementary Text-Book of Biology*, by J. R. Ainsworth Davis (Griffin & Co.), second edition, in two volumes, revised and enlarged; *Appearance and Reality*, a Metaphysical Essay, by F. H. Bradley, LL.D. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Tables for the Determination of the Rock-Forming Minerals*, translated from the Russian of Professor Löwinson Lessing by J. W. Gregory, B.Sc. (Macmillan & Co.); *Sciatica*, its causes, nature, and treatment, by A. Symons Eccles, M.B. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Life and Duties of the Citizen*, by J. Edward Parrott (Allen & Co.); Part 32 of *Cassell's Storehouse of General Information*; *I and It*, and other stories, by Eduard Engel (Norgate & Co.); *A Mad Prank*, by Mrs. Hungerford (White & Co.); *Death a Delusion*, by J. Page Hopps (Sonnenschein & Co.); *A Conquered Soul*, by S. Moore-Carew (Warne & Co.); "Tavistock Library"; *The Reflections of a Married Man*, by Robert Grant (Warne & Co.), "Tavistock Library"; and *How to Become a Hospital Nurse*, by Alice Dannett (Record Press, Lim.), second edition.

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